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The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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The Age of Ugliness

AS the fourth century B. C. was famous for its beauty, so the twentieth A. D. will be eminent in ugliness. We have reached and just passed a peak and pausing point when the vigor of industrial ugliness has lost its crudity while retaining originality, and the art of spoiling nature has not yet been standardized. In a generation or two we shall have to look in museums for those illustrations of the evolution of ugliness that now can be photographed in any town. At one end of the block you find naïve ugliness, boxes of brick, misshapen but solid, with a sprawling tree off center at the front. In the middle of the block is climactic ugliness of the most virile period: a Queen Anne house with Gothic adornments and an Egyptian doorway behind two beds of geraniums, one round, one square, a purple beech on the left, a horse chestnut on the right. At the end of the block is ugliness decadent. The house is near colonial taken from a magazine picture; a little Dutchy in the roof, a little Southern in the columns, pink asbestos shingles, garage drive nicely curved and lined with barberry on right, patent clothes dryer nicely spaced on left, foundation plantation of big and little evergreens like green boils and carbuncles, hardy garden, bird bath, sun porch as specified. Too smooth, too self-conscious for beauty, it is too pretty for excellent ugliness. The first fine careless frenzy of absolute incongruity is gone and the trained eye and standardized taste have reduced it to mere insipidity.

Has there been, will there ever be again, anything so satisfyingly ugly as the outskirts of London, miles of sodden bricks and contorted chimney pots, or those red rows of identical houses that stretch like petrified caterpillars on the outskirts of Philadelphia and Baltimore? Is there a vaster ugliness than the Chicago prairie, a criss-cross of irrelevant tracks in a smoky mist, where battered cars stand in a wilderness of ash heaps, débris, greasy pools, and sick and dirty grass! Is there anything uglier than a shore-front "development," its rows of untidy match boxes hiding the sea? Or a trunk auto route seared through green country between hot-dog shanties, smart gas stations, and a double wall of signboards —gigantic letters or "close-up" pictures—above which one just sees the tree tops!

Few decorations have been uglier than the girl-and-man slip cover of a modern novel in colors raucous or saccharine. Seldom has literature been uglier than the contents of some modern books, where dirt and ribaldry, dust and ashes, slang and effrontery adorn a night-club, road-house style. But literary ugliness, too, grows decadent and sinks into that sterile flatness which is neither ugly nor beautiful, but just bad.

Ugliness is overripe, and already gives way to mere prettiness. At any moment reaction may do away with the appalling ugliness of the wayside railroad station or reform the Broadway cosmetic parade. The musicians, weary of the concord of sweet sounds, have made a virtue of novelty and invented disharmonies that are as magnificently ugly as a gas tank or a boiler factory. It would be well to follow their example and collect ugliness, for just now there is more of it than anything else. Indeed the new strong things seem most of them to be ugly, while whatever is meant to be beautiful is flabby and seems old. It would be pleasant to believe that our virile ugliness was only a new beauty in its sheath, and perhaps this is true of the skyscraper, however mere prettiness may be the sequel elsewhere. But take a long philosophic look at a backyard in the Bronx or the new hotel on Main Street, before you decide.

In My Thirtieth Year

By ARCHIBALD MACLEISH

AND I have come upon this place
By lost ways, by a nod, by words,
By faces, by the old man's face
At Morlaix lifted to the birds,

By hands upon the table cloth
At Aldebori's by the thin
Child's hands that opened to the moth
And let the flutter of the moonlight in,

By hands, by voices, by the voice
Of Mrs. Whitman on the stair,
By Margaret's "If we had the choice
To choose or not—" through her thick hair,

By voices, by the creak and fall
Of footsteps on the upper floor,
By silence waiting in the hall
Between the door-bell and the door,

By words, by voices, a lost way—
And here above the chimney stack
The unknown constellations sway—
And by what way shall I go back?

This Week

"The Story of Philosophy." Reviewed by *Ernest Sutherland Bates.*

"The Dreadful Decade." Reviewed by *Ellis Paxson Oberholtzer.*

Books on the Italian Trecento. Reviewed by *Kenneth McKenzie.*

"Anatole France at Home." Reviewed by *Christian Gauss.*

"Dean Briggs." Reviewed by *John Bakeless.*

"The Conquest of Brazil." Reviewed by *Kermit Roosevelt.*

"Drawings for the Theatre." Reviewed by *D. M. Oenslager.*

"A Theory of Direct Realism." Reviewed by *Ralph Barton Perry.*

Two Books on George Meredith. Reviewed by *Cornelius Weygandt.*

"The Connoisseur." Reviewed by *Edward Davison.*

The Poet's Housekeeping. By *Arthur Guiterman.*

Next Week, or Later

"Temperament and Race." Reviewed by *Ellsworth Huntington.*

The Triumph of the Tough

By LEE WILSON DODD

I HAVE lived through it all, a steady reader of current writing for forty years—since I began reading steadily at six. And the first moderately hard-boiled story I was forbidden to read, and read, was "Huckleberry Finn." I cannot remember, however, that it struck me at the time as anything but a highly exciting and satisfactory tale. As for my adolescent days in fiction, they coincided with the Cloak and Sword Romantic Revival. There was Stevenson (Stevenson of "The Black Arrow," not of "The Ebb Tide"), there was Stanley Weyman, there was "The Prisoner of Zenda." It wasn't bad fare, perhaps, for a youngster; yet even then the first literary nourishment which stimulated some form of intellectual growth came to me from another sort of food—rougher, homelier, less obviously sugared or sauced and spiced. Fumbling in the College Library I hit upon "Tales of Mean Streets," by Arthur Morrison, and the first story I read therein was the gutter-tragedy of Lizerunt—Eliza or Elizabeth Hunt, if that needs an interpreter. Gods! Here was something new! (New, you will understand, to me). Why, here was a man who dared not to prettify the dwellers in a London slum, not to make of them either a jolly Dickensian entertainment or a blubberingly Dickensian Death-of-Little-Nell! It seemed honester, somehow, more self-respecting, more man-and-mind respecting, to write like that—to read things like that. Things that gave one the feel of the world, the facts!

And presently I was reading, re-re-reading "The Red Badge of Courage." Grim stabbing sentences! "A red sun was pasted in the sky like a wafer." (I quote from memory, and no doubt badly). You could see, feel, smell it all. It must have been just that—the fighting. True. Truth was the thing. What else mattered?

So I raved about "The Red Badge of Courage" to my room-mate, who asked at once whether or not it had a happy ending. (Curiously, I cannot recall now whether it has or not). This infuriated me. Lots of lives, I explained, are dreary and end unhappily. "Sure," replied my room-mate, "but why write about them? You don't read to get the colly-wobbles, do you!"

"But what's the sense in reading lies about life!"

"There's plenty of excitement going that turns out all right," observed my room-mate.

Nevertheless, he tackled "The Red Badge of Courage." "Gosh, I hate that sort of thing," said my room-mate. "No plot, and it's damn depressing. *I* think a book ought to make you feel better for having read it."

Ha! My scorn, then, of such flabby talk almost gave me a jaundice! Then—but no longer. For I have heard a good deal of it since; and I still hear something of it, more diffidently expressed—from aging gentlemen, as a rule, in semi-provincial circles. And I find I am beginning to tolerate it. After all, I now find myself saying, thought and its expression should be free—and here is a point of view like another! My room-mate was quite right to express his genuine reaction to "The Red Badge" —his unforced opinion of "that sort of thing." If he had funked his own judgment, pretending to like it, only then would he have made himself a legitimate object for scorn. And doubtfully then

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—for intellectual timidity, too, has perhaps its inalienable rights! But my room-mate was never timid; he always spoke out what was in him; and he is prosperous now, good citizen, good friend, good husband and father—and still prefers his happy endings which I no longer begrudge him. For why begrudge any man anything which is intrinsically his? To the Bolshevik his Bolshevism, to the Tory his Toryism, to the Romantic his illusions (if they be illusions), and to the Neo-realist his neo-reality (if it indeed be neo-real)! Such—what with introversion, hardening of the arteries, and so forth—has become my simple if unæsthetic and a-moral attitude toward life and art. But I am digressing from Zola—from Zola, Flaubert, Maupassant, the brothers Goncourt, and the forerunner Balzac; for, thanks to an exceptional upper-classman, it was into that turbid, weltering sea that next I plunged.

Here were slices of life! Great raw dripping chunks of life! Mud and blood, vomit and sweat and excrementitious material! *Truth* . . . but, faugh! what a stench truth had! Did humanity really reek like that? So I began sniffing anxiously at the heels of life.

Yes, great heavens!—humanity actually did much of it reek like that. Take man in the lump, cut off random slices, examine them conscientiously, and the records you would have to make could hardly fail to be unpleasant. Read your newspapers, please—or simply look about you for once in a way. Well, there it is. But, of course, you are used to most of it, case-hardened, or subdued to what you work in. Your nostrils are not so sensitive as they might be. I once sojourned in a small town in Southern Italy for some weeks, and it grew easier toward the end. This is one of the fortunate dispensations of our working psychology. Or is it? Perhaps if we calloused less promptly. . . .

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But I am digressing again from Zola, and I mustn't; not until he has helped me through to a difficult transition and so brought me within sight at least of my elusive subject. For I am still almost certain I have something to say if I can only warp round to it. Zola, then! A tubby, tough-headed, wilful man with an unshakable belief in himself and with an infinite capacity for hard work. When he formed an opinion it was there to stay, and he fought for it. Witness his confession to George Moore: "With me an opinion is like a heavy piece of furniture; it is moved with difficulty." And one of these massive opinions which he early formed was that novel writing should really be a branch of descriptive science, a division of natural history. You looked at a man as you looked at a bug, at a group of men as you looked at an ant-hill, and then you coldly and precisely set down your exact observations. Which is a very seductive theory for a scientific age, only, of course, no novelist, including the great Zola, has ever been able to illustrate it by his works—for the quite simple reason that novelists are not scientists and have not the temperament and training of scientists or they would not be novelists. For novelists, even serious, naturalistic, sociological novelists, are at bottom men of feeling and imagination, that is to say, artists—using words not coldly and precisely but warmly and suggestively, in such a way as to make the maximum appeal to our sensibilities, our emotions. For example, Zola! Anyone less like a scientist it would be difficult to imagine. He was red-headed about life; he was a perpetually erupting volcano. His words were spears, battle-axes, hand-grenades. In short, as has often been pointed out, he was an upsidedown idealist, a wild and snorting romantic whose fantastic imagination ran out and revelled in the ugly, the grotesque, the obscene. Descriptive science be hanged! He didn't describe a world—he created one. And that is what all great writers do and always will do, be their sociological or æsthetic theories what they may.

All of which would seem—well, not in harmony with my previous assertion that an exact description of any casual slice of life must necessarily prove unpleasant. But I intend to have it both ways, as you shall see.

My point is that science, describing mankind coldly and precisely, cannot help making a record of the race which it is not very inspiring to contemplate for the uncomfortable facts are there. True, even science must record the occasional virtues and even nobilities of man; for those facts are there also. Man, in short, as science records him, seems to be an unpleasant sort of land mammal who has the unexpected and important faculty of self-criticism, and who is very gradually and painfully, by reason of this faculty, managing to become less unpleasant than he used to be. And, as even science must admit, he has another unexpected and important faculty as well. Shall we call it creative imagination? I am certain that John B. Watson would not let me do so, but shall we call it that, tentatively, all the same? Well, whatever we decide to call it, it is there; and this is more or less how it works. Man, through self-criticism, not only becomes ashamed of himself as he is; but he is able also to imagine (more or less vaguely, perhaps) the sort of creature he would like to be. That is, to use the quaint old language of outmoded centuries, he is able to form ideals; and he really then in some fumbling sort tries to attain to them. It is a very curious spectacle, not to have been predicted from the behavior of white rats in a maze, and not a little disturbing I should suppose to Mr. John B. Watson, although I am probably quite wrong in this gratuitous assumption.

Now in certain fantastic men these faculties of creative imagination and self-criticism are abnormally developed and allied with a highly strung, and usually overstrung, emotional temperament. And the combination leads these abnormal citizens to do singular things. They take to painting pictures, to writing poetry, to founding new religions or reforming old ones, and the like. We call them saints, prophets, artists—all sorts of funny and unpredictable names. And of late years a great number of such men have become novelists, tellers of tales in prose—which is the ordinary rhythmical but unmetrical language of their kind. So they tell us their tales and we read them, but only if we find them readable, and we only find them readable when they cast a spell upon us, hypnotize us, and so make us believe for the time being that what they are telling us is true. If they tell us tales about giants and fairies, they must make us believe—*while we are reading*—in their giants and fairies. If they tell us about beings like ourselves, they must make us believe in them; if about beings better or worse than ourselves they must make us believe in them—at least, until we put down their books. After we have read a novel the immediate strength of the illusion it created departs, and we then ask ourselves that fatal question, Was it worth reading?

I submit that a given reader's first answer to this query should always be, "If I believed as I read, it was an artistic success so far as I personally am concerned. I am a good subject for that particular hypnotist." I submit that his second answer can only be arrived at by his asking himself an alternative question (which I paraphrase from my room-mate of long ago): "Do I feel the better for having read it?"

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A slight pause will be made here until the immediate shower of bricks subsides. And now I resume. . . .

Do I feel the better for having read it?

That is, Do I feel *more*, or *less* able to go on with the difficult business of living my life? Am I bucked up, or am I not?

And I submit finally (which I hope may partially avert from me the curses of our militant intelligentsia!) that any given reader's answer to this alternative query must always be an individual answer. My alternative query doesn't mean that only those novels are worth reading which have a generally uplifting tendency. It means simply that any given reader is a fool who reads books which depress his vitality, his will to live and to struggle toward a life which seems to him really worth living.

And here at last, having won through my difficult transition, I come to the original subject of this paper, namely—The Triumph of the Tough.

And behold, some platitudes! We are living in a scientific, a materialistic age. The old sanctions—*etc., etc.* Select an intelligent novel reader of the present day in young maturity and the chances are you will be dealing with a man or woman who is a thoroughgoing sceptic and who has about made up his or her mind that life is a rather dreary farce. A man or woman, then, who is quit in for such pagan compensations as life, in its meaningless insufficiency, affords! And it remains to ask what kind of novel might be expected to make such a man or woman feel the better for having read it?

In the first place, such a reader will with difficulty yield to hypnosis by any teller of tales who believes in man as a spiritual being destined to create more stately mansions for his soul throughout eternity. So mystically naïve a conception merely annoys our selected reader, and he wearily drops any book which suggests or embodies it. Our selected reader is, as we say, too hard-boiled for any such unjellied stuff as that. No novel that deals with man as if he perhaps had an immortal destiny could possibly buck up this reader of ours. On the contrary. Supposing he could win through such a novel at all, which is doubtful, it would merely have depressed his pulse and lowered his temperature. Indeed (as I gather from much current novel reading) there is only one way to buck up the finally hard-boiled. You must stimulate his capacity for scorn and feed it with appropriate images. The spirit, sir, must be one of mockery, for only while he is consciously mocking does our selected reader submit to the illusion that he is more than man. An enormous capacity for scorn, in short, is the ultimate triumph of the intelligent tough.

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The years pass. It was in 1906 that William James first delivered his lectures on Pragmatism at the Lowell Institute in Boston and drew his once-famous distinction between the tender-minded in philosophy and the tough-minded. "Two types of mental make-up" he called them, and added that "The tough think of the tender as sentimentalists and soft-heads. The tender feel the tough to be unrefined, callous, or brutal. Each type believes the other to be inferior to itself; but disdain in the one case is mingled with amusement, in the other it has a dash of fear."

Well, it was recognized even in those antiquated days that James had found precisely the right names not merely for two sorts of philosophers but for two kinds of men. His names were caught up by the Press, and by the general tongue. We were all tough-minded or tender-minded. Ah—which were we? It was doubtful then. But the years pass. Other notions came along. A world war came along—an aborted peace. A jazz age beat on its tin-pans and sobbed cynically on its luscious and insincere saxophones. And—but how oddly!—here we are! Two decades have vanished. Those who were thirty are fifty. It is 1926. . . .

But the years still pass. So—to the tough his toughness, and to the tender his hopes, though not unmingled with that devastating Jamesian "dash of fear!" And, yes, on the whole, I agree with myself. I have been a fool to read so many current novels which have depressed my vitality. As a young man, it was different; there had been a good deal of treacle about, and one craved a noggin of vinegar with a chaser of vitriol. And besides, "The Red Badge of Courage" was a very fine book, and so was "L'Assommoir," and "Madame Bovary" is a masterpiece. Oh, well, I admit that James Joyce can do things with language, and that even Aldous Huxley can ply a skilful and mordant pen! But somehow, I've never lost my taste for wooly old Wordsworth—although I've stupidly failed to revisit Tintern Abbey in seven years. Farewell, Van Vechten! Farewell, Ben Hecht! You will not miss me, and I believe I am turning home. . . .

In its current issue, a number devoted entirely to Shakespeare, the *Theatre Arts Monthly* leads off with an interesting paper, by John Mason Brown, entitled "What the Moderns Have Done to Shakespeare." Mr. Brown sketches the development of the Shakespeare stage from the "good old days" to the present of the New Movement,—when the director has become "an autocrat, a final interpreter, who orchestrates the entire preformance," and the designer "an interpretative artist." The actors, Mr. Brown says, still lag behind in the old tradition, and only when they adapt their art to the new demands made upon it, will the Shakespearean productions of the New Movement make a well-rounded whole. The magazine contains in addition to Mr. Brown's study, papers by Otis Skinner, Ralph Roeder, Rosamond Gilder, Walter Prichard Eaton, and others, and a profusion of interesting illustra-

It is a number well worth the reading.

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The Beauty of Philosophy

THE STORY OF PHILOSOPHY. The Lives and Opinions of the Greater Philosophers. By WILL DURANT. New York: Simon and Schuster. 1926. $5.

Reviewed by ERNEST SUTHERLAND BATES

HERE is a book to delight the heart. "The Story of Philosophy" might have been called "the Essence of Philosophy" or "the Beauty of Philosophy" as it is written with equal love and understanding. Philosophers, teachers of philosophy, and anti-philosophers should all be grateful to Mr. Durant: philosophers because the nature of their work, the character of their problems, and their answers have been presented to the general reader with a persuasive clarity rarely equalled; teachers of philosophy because now when their own inspiration fails they have a text that will whet the appetite of their students; and anti-philosophers because they can learn the error of their ways and enter through formerly sealed doors into a world of new thrills and new meanings. Useful to all of these, the book will be particularly enlightening to those of the third class who have regarded philosophy as something "up in the clouds;" it will convince the most skeptical that the great philosophers have, on the contrary, had their feet planted most firmly on this earth. If the meaning of human life, which Mr. Durant rightly takes to be the central theme of philosophy, is not relevant to human life, then pray what is?

At the outset, he answers the most frequent criticism that is passed upon philosophy, namely that in comparison with the sciences it is static and unprogressive.

> Science seems always to advance, while philosophy seems always to lose ground. Yet this is only because philosophy accepts the hard and hazardous task of dealing with problems not yet open to the methods of science—problems like good and evil, beauty and ugliness, orders and freedom, life and death; so soon as a field of inquiry yields knowledge susceptible of exact formulation it is called science. Every science begins as philosophy and ends as art; it arises in hypothesis and flows into achievement. Philosophy is a hypothetical interpretation of the unknown (as in metaphysics), or of the inexactly known (as in ethics or political philosophy); it is the front trench in the siege of truth. Science is the captured territory; and behind it are those secure regions in which knowledge and art build our imperfect and marvelous world. Philosophy seems to stand still, perplexed; but only because she leaves the fruits of victory to her daughters the sciences, and herself passes on, divinely discontent, to the uncertain and unexplored.

Into this difficult and dangerous region Mr. Durant steers with an imagination awake to all its interest, guided by such pilots as Plato and Aristotle, Spinoza, Kant, Schopenhauer, Nietzsche, and six of his own contemporaries. He has not aimed to write a history of philosophy but to make us companions of the great philosophers on their adventures. He has striven first to recall each of them to life as an individual person, and then to reproduce the living movement of their thought. His long quotations are chosen with quite unerring insight and his commentary is usually penetrating. Mr. Durant has evidently sucked the sweets of sweet philosophy through many a day and year, he has meditated upon and synthetized his findings, and the result, if not a history of philosophy, is something better.

It would be pleasant to omit all negative criticism in the case of a work so brilliantly conceived and executed as a whole. But there are a few reservations that must be made. Even Mr. Durant's catholic appreciation fails him occasionally when he is dealing with those philosophers with whom he is temperamentally least in sympathy. Scant courtesy, for instance, is shown to Benedetto Croce. And to say that Santayana "likes the beauty of Catholicism more than the truth of any other faith" is to sacrifice truth for an epigram; to stigmatize his philosophy as "sombre" and add that "he has never caught the hearty cleansing laughter of paganism, nor the genial and forgiving humanity of Anatole France" is miles from the mark. Apparently Mr. Durant has not read the recent biographical accounts of Anatole France which show that he was the direct opposite of "genial and forgiving," and evidently he has never listened to Santayana's bursts of happy laughter; nor is he permitted the reply that he is speaking of the works and not the men, since it is one of his main interests precisely to see the author's personality in his work. These are minor errors, perhaps, but what is to be said of the author's slighting reference to mediæval scholasticism, the one organized system of occidental philosophy since the Greeks that has held its ground for more than a century?

> Dogma, definite and defined, was cast like a shell over the adolescent mind of mediæval Europe. It was within this shell that Scholastic philosophy moved narrowly from faith to reason and back again, in a baffling circuit of uncriticized assumptions and preordained conclusions. In the thirteenth century all Christendom was startled and stimulated by Arabic and Jewish translations of Aristotle; but the power of the Church was still adequate to secure, through Thomas Aquinas and others, the transmogrification of Aristotle into a mediæval theologian.

This, a mere repetition of the incorrect and now outgrown statements of nineteenth century histories of philosophy, can only be explained in a man of Mr. Durant's candor, on the hypothesis that he has here too confidingly accepted secondary sources; it is safe to say that if he himself had read "Thomas Aquinas and others" he would have written differently.

Notwithstanding all this, the mediæval philosophers, were they now alive, Santayana, and perhaps even Croce, would probably unite in praising Mr. Durant's work: for if he has not deserved well of them, he has deserved well of philosophy.

Piquant Gossip

THE DREADFUL DECADE. 1869-1879. By DON C. SEITZ. Illustrated. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Company. 1926. $3.50.

Reviewed by ELLIS PAXSON OBERHOLTZER

Author of "A History of the United States Since the Civil War"

THE use of decades for historical periods, which has become a fashionable exercise, has given us a volume which is meant, we are told, to detail "some phases in the history of the United States from Reconstruction to Resumption."

Sir Fletcher Norton, from a caricature by James Sayer
From "Satirical Poems," by William Mason (Oxford University Press)

It might have been called the Dark, or Dire, or Disgusting, or Diabolical Decade, but Mr. Seitz has named it the Dreadful Decade. Reconstruction in the South, "dreadful" enough, was nearly done. "Grantism," sufficiently "dreadful," too, was in full cry, and one scandal upon another in the national, state, and city governments, and in unorganized society, gave a terror to American life, with ill promise of a recovery of virtue in our institutions. It were well for that man (any one of a dozen, from whom we may hear at a dinner table), who sees only error and degeneracy in our present age, and greater merit and glory in the period when he was a youth, to scan Mr. Seitz's pages with a view to recalling what he, with too little consideration, reverts to with so much pleasant pride.

And he will not find it difficult to read Mr. Seitz's book. It is, in the first place, of no great bulk. Nor is it written in erudite stodginess. It is, to be plain, a piece of piquant journalism, like the work on Hamilton and Jefferson, by the writer who earlier told us about Andrew Jackson, or Mark Sullivan's history of the America of his younger manhood, or any one of several other works which those who wish to do their duty, by that good old department of letters called History, select as a cover for what would otherwise amount to complete neglect of any reading about our vanished years. The shade of Macaulay should envelop them and disturb their dreams of learning. But they seem, so it would appear, by such a course in History to pass muster in our society for "well read" men.

Mr. Seitz's chapters, nine in number, are, in truth, like the work of so many of those who essay similar tasks, a mere culling and arrangement of sensational incidents from the files of the newspapers of the day, principally the New York *World*. It is the History of Piffle, of unimportant and trifling facts, or near facts, chiefly concerning persons. It is the gossip such as men and women entertain themselves with in conversation, but, instead of relating to their contemporaries, this relates to a dead generation. It is well informed gossip and some of it is useful enough for preservation, since it bears upon men who touched our national life, if only to defile and corrupt it. The account of "Jim" Fisk is better than anything in print. Now that Brigham Young, P. T. Barnum, and frontier outlaws are made the subjects of biographies, it is difficult to see how Fisk can much longer escape treatment in a separate volume. Mr. Seitz has laid the basis for such a literary undertaking. Tweed, too, who is so graphically portrayed, should be entombed in biographical literature without delay. As for Beecher, Tilton, and "Tennie" Claflin and her sister the case is not so clear. They, after all, come in only for the scandals attached to their lives, for what they did to fill the newspapers with their names had no influence upon the nation's career, unless it may be to have damaged the popular faith in preachers, religious journals, and social reform.

It may be properly said of Mr. Seitz, however, that his judgments, where he expresses them about the historical characters in the time of which he writes, are mainly sound, as in reference to Grant, Greeley, Tilden, and Hayes. Mr. Seitz says that Hayes "righted the ship of state"—he began a work which was manufully continued and completed by Grover Cleveland. The names of these two presidents should and will be found together in the gold and vellum in which the wise and discriminating embalm the memories of the quiet heroes in their country's annals.

The Italian Trecento

Reviewed by KENNETH MCKENZIE

HUMANISM AND TYRANNY. Studies in the Italian Trecento. By EPHRAIM EMERTON. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. 1925. $4.

FRANCESCO PETRARCA. The first Modern Man of Letters. His Life and Correspondence: A Study of the Early Fourteenth Century (1304-1347). Vol. I. By EDWARD H. R. TATHAM. London: The Sheldon Press. 1925.

THE EARLIER AND LATER FORMS OF PETRARCH'S CANZONIERE. By RUTH SHEPARD PHELPS. Chicago: University of Chicago Press. 1925. $3.

Reviewed by KENNETH MCKENZIE

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THE Trecento—as the fourteenth century is frequently called in Italy—is not an arbitrary division of time, but a period with marked characteristics of its own. This is true not merely in literature, with the more important of Dante's works in the first quarter of the century, and the works of Petrarch and Boccaccio in the second, and third, but also in the evolution of social and political institutions. The germs of whatever seems new in this century can indeed be traced earlier, and its full development did not come till much later; and yet, as Professor Emerton says, "The continuity of history is not broken because we seem to interrupt it for a moment in order to gain a clearer understanding of one brief stage in its endless progress." That the stage of progress which the fourteenth century marks not only is vividly interesting, but can be made to illuminate pressing problems of today, is evident from the passages in which Professor Emerton draws analogies with present political conditions in the United States, and in Italy. These passages, by no means the least valuable in his book, could have been written only by a man humanized by a thorough knowledge of the past and at the same time alert to what is going on in the present. "Never, probably, was the world in a better position to understand the true nature of the Italian *tyrannis* than at the present time. The analogies we are studying become patent to everyone who reads the history

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of the remoter and the nearer past beneath the surface." But reading beneath the surface of the recent history of foreign countries—particularly Italy—is precisely what most of us fail to do; and Professor Emerton's penetrating and sympathetic discussion will materially help those who really wish to understand the background and the significance of the Fascist movement.

"Humanism and Tyranny" consists of an admirably clear and readable translation of several Latin treatises and documents of the fourteenth century, together with an extended introduction to each. The starting-point was a study of the writings and the career of Coluccio Salutati, who was born in 1331, and from 1375 to his death in 1406 was Chancellor of the city of Florence. More than half of the volume is devoted to him, with the translations of his treatise "On Tyrants" and of two letters written in defence of liberal studies—Humanism. Looking back to the ancient Empire of Rome, Salutati saw it torn by party strife, and then brought to comparative peace and unity by the successful usurpation of power by one man; and he came to believe that the salvation of Italy in his own day must come in a similar way. An understanding of Mussolini helps us to explain Salutati's defence of Julius Cæsar, and Salutati in turn helps us to understand Mussolini. Dante's idea of government was in some respects similar, except that he regarded the rule of one man as not merely a matter of politics but a divinely appointed institution. Fascism, as Professor Emerton says, is only another name for the national consciousness which, in spite of all obstacles, has persisted in Italy from the time of Dante on. Salutati and his contemporaries anticipate Machiavelli, a century and a half later. In spite of all the legal verbiage with which they clothe their discussions, it is clear that the consent of the governed underlies the problem of tyranny. If the people allow the rule of the tyrant to continue, they give it their implied sanction. A recent writer has said of Fascism that it persists because its worst mistakes are preferable to the successes of the government that preceded it.

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The analogy between conditions in Italy in the fourteenth century and in the United States today is carried still further in the commentary on two treatises translated from the great jurist Bartolus of Sassoferrato, "On Tyranny" and "On Guelphs and Ghibellines." Bartolus discusses the question whether it is lawful to have political parties at all; and it is evident that in his day as with us, parties have attained a legal or semi-legal status which in theory they did not originally have. In mediæval Italy the party spirit was developed to such an extent that the jealousy which we feel for foreign interference was there directed toward one's fellow-citizens; and there arose the interesting institution of the podestà, professional executives or "city managers" from outside the community. In many Italian states, citizens were deliberately excluded from the important executive offices, which were turned over to these experts, as has only exceptionally been done with us. Parties are to be justified, Bartolus concludes, only as they work for the good of the community, and not for partisan ends; as to tyranny, he maintains that the tyrant is a plague of human society, but if he serves the community well, it is better to bear with him than to take the risks of social disorder.

The thirteenth century, "greatest of Christian centuries," marks the "triumph of the idea of unity over the facts of diversity." The fourteenth century marks the rise of a spirit of revolt which is characteristic of modern times as opposed to the Middle Ages. Dante, belonging in this respect to the mediæval period, clings to the theory of dual world-sovereignty represented by the Pope and the Emperor; but by the beginning of the fourteenth century, the chief opposition to the Papacy as a universal sovereignty came not from the Empire but from the rising national monarchies; and the new revival of classical studies began to pass from the chosen few to become the common property of the many. Dante's supreme poetic imagination rose superior to the traditions that still encumbered his thought; but from the time of Petrarch on, men were more apt to do their own thinking. The classical revival was only one aspect of the spirit of critical inquiry and revolt. Italy led the world in the development of popular government, but was beginning to come under the influence of "tyrants." The Italian language, hitherto regarded as inferior, had become the medium of one of the world's great literatures. Practical uses were found for the new scholarship; literature could now be regarded as a career. With some justice, then, is Petrarch called the first modern man of letters. The character of this spirit of revolt, showing itself in Humanism, and its relation to the growing tendency to national feeling on the one hand and to the rise of the Italian "tyrants" on the other hand, are clearly brought out by Professor Emerton in his twenty-page "General Introduction"—a brilliant, illuminating, and absolutely sound piece of historical generalization.

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Petrarch is the subject of the other two books now before us. That by Canon Tatham, which is as its title indicates a "study of the early fourteenth century," is laid out on a most generous scale. The present volume of five hundred large octavo pages is only the first of four; the second is announced as in press, and the others are already partly written, the whole work being so definitely planned that the author refers frequently to the chapters of the subsequent volumes. The present volume includes chapters on the state of Italy and the Papacy from 1300 to 1342, on Petrarch's life and writings up to 1342, and on his character and the nature of his love for "Laura"—the name is invariably printed thus, with quotation marks, although the author believes it to have been the lady's real name. The least satisfactory part of the volume is in the chapters on vernacular poetry, Provençal, and Italian, and on the Canzoniere; here the author does not show a first-hand mastery of the literature of the subject, and is betrayed into several inaccurate statements, as when he says that "no love-poem in the Canzoniere can be placed earlier than 1334" (Miss Phelps shows that several were earlier than that date). His discussion ignores many of the problems connected with the subject; possibly he reserves some of these for later chapters. He has included excellent translations of large numbers of Petrarch's letters that had never appeared in English before, and is familiar also with those that he has not translated here; the result is a most attractive individualized portrait of the scholar, the poet, and the man. Subsequent volumes of this biographical study will be most welcome.

In studying Petrarch's personality there is still much to be done in exploring his Latin writings, and Canon Tatham has performed a real service in making so much material available and in discussing it. The investigation of Professor Phelps, on the other hand, is concerned with a comparatively narrow problem—the method used by the poet at different times in arranging his Italian lyrics as a collection. In this investigation, the content of the poems is considered only incidentally. It is well known that Petrarch sometimes professed to attach little importance to his Italian writings; but that he nevertheless devoted great care to perfecting them and arranging them. At a comparatively early period the idea evidently came to him of forming an ordered collection of certain of his lyrics; and several preliminary forms of the Canzoniere (collection of lyrics) are known, as well as the final form preserved in a precious Vatican manuscript written partly by the poet with his own hand, and partly copied under his immediate supervision. But another fourteenth century manuscript, now in the Chigi library, contains 215 poems which with one exception are also among the 366 in the final form of the Canzoniere, and arranged in almost identical order; this manuscript must therefore contain, not a haphazard collection, but the selection and arrangement desired by the poet at a certain time. Miss Phelps compares minutely the Chigi and the Vatican texts, and reaches interesting conclusions as to Petrarch's method of (as we should now say) editing his works. A large part of her book is devoted to a discussion of when the several poems were composed.

Mr. Philip Gosse, already known to many discerning persons for his "The Pirates' Who's Who," has now compiled a catalogue of his collection of books on pirates and piracy. Sir Edmund Gosse contributes a short introductory note, in which he proudly claims the author as the fourth consecutive literary man of his line; and trusts that he himself, "if he can live a few years longer, may correct the proofs of a fifth generation."

Table Talk

ANATOLE FRANCE AT HOME. By MARCEL LE GOFF. Translated by LAURA RIDING GOTTSHALK. New York: Adelphi Company. 1926.

LE GOFF'S "Anatole France at Home" is a volume which should be classed with the parisitology of literature. M. Le Goff is neither a great artist nor a great thinker, not even a dispassionate and naïve recorder. After the death of Madame de Caillavet in 1909 France dropped out of the recognized frame work of French society and became a sort of uncrowned king of a disappearing Bohemia. Always courteous and gentle in his dealings with individuals he was temperamentally unable to protect himself from the importunities of admirers and literary hangers on. They thronged his rooms at the Villa Saïd until 1914. It was in part to escape from them that he withdrew in that year to La Bechellerie, his beautiful estate in the hills above the Loire, at a seemingly safe distance from Tours. M. Le Goff made his acquaintance at this time and gives us a record of some of his later table talk. That France had not succeeded in withdrawing into any tower of ivory we may gather from Le Goff's own account:

> Later in these Sunday afternoons that I spent so frequently with him, I saw him again and again enthusing (*sic*) to perfect strangers who came to see him.
>
> "My good friend, how nice, how very nice of you, indeed, to come all this way. I'm so glad to see you!" And in presenting the stranger to Mlle. Laprevotte, he would say:
>
> "By the way, Mademoiselle, Monsieur . . . "
>
> The name failing him, the stranger had to supply it. M. France would then say: "Ah! yes, M. X." and would straightway turn his back on him. A few minutes later he would approach one of his intimates and ask him if he knew this person; the answer was nearly always in the negative. M. France, completely satisfied, would then laugh his full, (*sic*) rub his hands together and say: "Neither do I."

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Sidelights of this sort upon the master's way of life are occasionally illuminating. The volume also continues in part the *chronique scandaleuse* of France's later days after the dismissal of his renagade secretary "Jean-Jacques" Brousson. It would appear that the interest of the translator and publisher had been focussed upon these phases of Le Goff's work, for the treatment of proper names indicates only a fitful interest in France's intellectual *milieu* and in French literary history. So the name of the famous publisher Lemerre is three times disguised as *Lemarre*. The distinguished Jewish scholar, Salamon Reinbach, is spoken of only as *Reinbach*, the *academicien* de Nolhac will find his name twice changed to *Nohac*. The eighteenth century judge, Malesherbes, is confused with the sixteenth century poet Malherbe, Montaigne's friend is called *La Boëtius*, and Napoleon's Prefect of Police, *Fouche*.

The reader will lay aside the volume with the feeling that M. Le Goff was not sufficiently alert to grasp the subtle, elusive, and often playful intelligence of Anatole France, and that the translator, proofreader, or publisher, was not sufficiently equipped to comprehend even M. Le Goff. But the author of the "Garden of Epicurus" would probably have smiled indulgently at all this, and have given them his dispensation. Even though he is occasionally misrepresented, he would have held that "intellectual error is innocent," and in case good people desire to amuse themselves in this fashion there is no valid reason why this pleasure should be denied them in this old world where one man's foibles mean so little.

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"The" Dean

DEAN BRIGGS. By ROLLO WALTER BROWN. New York: Harper & Brothers, 1926. $3.50.

Reviewed by JOHN BAKELESS

WHEN the news reached a certain editorial office a couple of years ago that Rollo Walter Brown was writing a life of Dean Briggs, two young assistant editors declared heatedly over the luncheon table that it couldn't be done. These youths held various degrees, but their chiefest pride was the fact that they were "Fivers." And a Fiver, it should be explained, is a man who has learned the machinery of his craft in Dean Briggs's famous composition course—English 5 at Harvard.

To any one who had known and studied under the Dean—there was only one Dean who enjoyed the definite article in those days—the thing was incredible. What! Put on paper that extraordinary mingling of country shrewdness and academic dignity, that aromatic blend of learning and literature? Pooh! Impossible. Hadn't a rising young novelist just tried it—and shockingly failed?

As one of those brash young scribblers, I offer my apologies to Mr. Brown. The thing was patently impossible. But it is equally patent that Mr. Brown has done it. How these two things may be, I leave to better logicians to determine. At least there is no disputing that Mr. Brown has succeeded admirably in a difficult feat. His book on Dean Briggs is a good biography of a living man, and such books, though one or two have been written before this, are sufficiently rare to be remarkable. As Mr. Brown is himself an old Fiver, the excellence of his biography is one more tribute to Dean Briggs—which is curiously appropriate.

The most remarkable thing about Mr. Brown's book is the extraordinary skill with which he has managed to get into it all the facts and dates that any rational being can desire, without in the least weighting down his pages. "Dean Briggs" is a series of essays in interpretation of a man who is about as hard to interpret adequately as any that has trod the planet. The only fault for a carping critic to find is the inclusion of several photographs of a man who has been painted but can't possibly be photographed.

In his very first chapter, Mr. Brown plunges into his subject, not with a solemn array of dates, but with an opinion and an anecdote. The opinion is that "Le Baron Russell Briggs could not qualify as the hero of a typical biography." It is a perfectly justified opinion—there is nothing typical about Dean Briggs, anyway,—but what a stroke of luck that he should have happened on a biographer who is not typical either. The anecdote is the famous tale of the misguided stranger who asked the Dean of Harvard College to hold his horse (the Dean, needless to say, complying), and is perhaps the most entirely revealing of all the entertaining small tales that Mr. Brown has gathered up.

It is not until he is well into his second chapter that Mr. Brown condescends to dates and the other details that must ballast even the best biographies. Even then he does not condescend to very many of them. Mr. Brown is determined that who touches this book shall touch a man. People who are after skeletonized facts can dig them out of the cyclopedia. And so even the customary sentence beginning "he was born—" never appears. "In 1867, when Le Baron Briggs was eleven years old,—" says clever Mr. Brown. Those who are interested in mathematics can deduce the all-important date for themselves. The rest of the world can consult "Who's Who."

These things have to be. You can't very well write a biography without admitting that your hero did, at some time or other, arrive upon the planet, his career on which you are about to chronicle. But it is possible to center the reader's attention on the man instead of on the mathematics of his career.

That is what Mr. Brown has done in the happiest fashion conceivable. By avoiding the conventional sources of information, he has found revealing bits of fact in a hundred unexpected corners, and with them he has adroitly mirrored his man—drawing with excellent taste upon the innumerable anecdotes afloat in Cambridge, the letters of old students, even filling a page or so with a selection from the quaint, penetrating comments scribbled through twenty years on "long themes" and "daily themes" in English 5—those comments that used to strike straight to the heart of the matter in half a dozen words, leaving nothing more to be said. The book is made up of what an unidentified Freshman wrote in one of the Dean's books in the library, what the college paper said, of whimsical, irresistibly quotable excerpts from the Dean's annual reports—fancy humor in a Dean's reports!—of fragments from speeches, and of the notice that the Dean put up in his stable. Mr. Brown has not even forgotten the more-than-algebraic symbols, the w's, the y's, the u's, and the z's that used to appear in English 5 on the 'prentice work of the men who are today writing the books, magazines, and newspapers of half North America.

Mr. Brown's "Dean Briggs" must not be regarded as a book of limited appeal. It is the story of a Dean, but it is not the story of an ordinary Dean. It is a book for all who are interested in life or education or the great art of stringing words together. Most of all, it is a book that will bear any amount of re-reading.

Brazil of Today

THE CONQUEST OF BRAZIL. By ROY NASH. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1926.

Reviewed by KERMIT ROOSEVELT

THIS volume of Mr. Nash's is of very general interest, and many a reader who does not know Brazil and feels no particular call to study its progress and present situation, will read the book with enjoyment and profit.

The plan is a comprehensive one, for Mr. Nash deals with the physical, moral, and mental growth of the country since its discovery by Cabral. In collecting his material, he has not only had recourse to the various first-hand accounts of travel and exploration down through the centuries, and the works of the historians, but in addition has voyaged in little known districts along the littoral and in the interior of the country. It is evident that he possessed that ready sympathy and understanding for the people with whom he deals, without which no one should enter upon a work of this sort.

His discussion of the Indian problem is particularly worth close and attentive reading, for his contention that the Indian today is in reality as much of a slave as ever in the past is fundamentally true, although from personal observation I would be inclined to regard his statement as too sweeping. Unquestionably Indian children are carried off and to all intents and purposes sold into slavery, and equally unquestionably the majority of Indians who work for the rubber gatherers are kept in such an intricate system of debt bondage that they are no better than slaves. Still in many districts the authorities have done much to counteract these conditions. Great credit must be given to General Rondon; he has been an untiring worker on behalf of his Indian compatriots and has accomplished much for their emancipation.

Mr. Nash's comparison of the relative merits and abilities of Indian and negro is of great interest and in a large degree just. So much has been written of the noble Redskin both here and in South America that we are apt to regard him in an entirely fictionary light. As Mr. Nash points out, it is the negro who is responsible in the final analysis for the building up of Brazil. The back-breaking manual labor of opening up the country has been his; he has been the hewer of wood and drawer of water. The Brazilian Indian is neither intelligent nor hard working; in his wild state he was unable to provide himself with effective weapons for his struggle with nature. Whereas the African manufactured weapons out of iron, the Indian remained in the stone age. His blowgun alone entitles him to any credit; it is a finer article of precision than anything invented by the negro.

The southern European nations are not hasty in drawing the color line, and the situation of the negro in Brazil has always been very different from what it is in North America. In Brazil, even in the early days of slavery, blacks could purchase their freedom and were eligible for almost any office in the Church or in secular life. A negro had one day each week in which he could earn money for himself. Many slaves were freed on the death of their master. When a child was being baptized any one could step up and offer ten dollars on its behalf, thereby securing its freedom. Due to one or another of these methods, there sprang into existence at an early date, a good sized population of free negroes; and throughout most of the black belt intermarriage between these and Brazilians of Portuguese or Portuguese Indian stock involved no stigma. Before the influx of blacks from Africa, the early settlers had taken to themselves Indian women, for as is always the case in new countries the percentage of women who came over with the conquistadores was negligible.

The European stock in Brazil originates largely from the neighborhood of the Mediterranean. Starting from the north we have the Amazon country and some of the smaller states peopled mainly by the descendants of Portuguese, or the results of their admixture with the aborigines; Pernambuco and Bahia form the black belt, for it was to work their sugar plantations that negroes were first imported. Further south in Sao Paulo, Paraná, and Rio Grande do Sul, there are few negroes, and the stock is largely Portuguese, Italian, and Spanish. German, French, English, and Polish colonies also exist in these southern states but numerically they are so insignificant that unless they come over in greatly increasing numbers they will have little effect in the general strain.

Inadequate means of transportation have retarded and will continue to retard the amalgamation of the varying elements of the population. However, the railroads are gradually pushing their way through plain and jungle and the increasing use of motor vehicles will call for the improvement of the cart roads. In the fifteen years since I first went to Brazil great changes have come about, and by the close of the present century the Brazilian melting pot should have functioned sufficiently to provide absorbingly interesting results.

In a book such as Mr. Nash's one is bound to find many minor points with which one disagrees. The panegyric in honor of the negro seems too strong; but perhaps close acquaintance with the black in his native Africa may have led me to discount unduly certain of his qualities which Mr. Nash rates so highly. I do not know whether Mr. Nash has travelled in Africa; he has laid by a store of personal experiences with primitive peoples in the Philippines.

The volume is most comprehensive and provides food for thought along many lines. It is written vividly, but there is a tendency in making comparisons to indulge too freely in what may be called schoolboy slang. To "point a moral or adorn a tale," an occasional lapse from the paths of formal English may provide added emphasis, but on the written page similes, which when spoken do not seem unpleasantly startling, are often unduly emphatic and bordering on the cheap. This failing in no way affects the genuine intrinsic value of the book.

Scenic Art

DRAWINGS FOR THE THEATRE. By ROBERT EDMOND JONES. New York: Theatre Arts. 1926. $5.

Reviewed by D. M. Oenslager
Yale University

IT was a brief ten years ago that the name, Robert Edmond Jones, became a thing to conjure with. From the period of his Harvard instructorship, to window-dressing, and until his return from Germany in 1915 with bundles of ambitious sketches, he had been searching, forming new ideas, striving with a something he felt growing greater and deeper within himself. The first opportunity for the release of his talents came in Granville Barker's production of "A Man Who Married a Dumb Wife." Ten years have already made this production a starting point for the whole movement of modern scenic art in this country.

"Drawings for the Theatre," then, stands as a brief but important record of the development of scenic art from this first production. Its pages arrest the spirit, and reflect the life of our theatre of the last ten years. It stands as a monument of one man's achievement and a portent of what is to come. Mr. Jones's selection of sketches is wide and varied. Of his earlier works, he is represented by "A Man Who Married a Dumb Wife," John Alden Carpenter's ballet, "The Birthday of the Infanta," and "Pelleas and Melisande," each wrought with ingenious imagination and all brilliantly executed. To study his interpretations of "Hamlet," "Macbeth," and "Richard III" is to obtain a finer understanding of the trend of modern theatrical production than all the discoursing and literature our period might produce. A director himself, he brings into his sketches a translation in visual terms

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of the essence of the play. With his own peculiar powers he casts and encases the play in some new form of imaginative values—each fresh and of itself right. The Cenci drawings are an experiment and cry for the breath of production. The whole play is performed against blackness, surrounded by a crush of figures intensified by strong shadows of lights and darks. And finally some of the O'Neill plays, "Anna Christie," and "Desire Under the Elms," each interpreting and suggesting in its own way for the actor, and heightening and clarifying the dramatic values for O'Neill.

Through these thirty-five sketches of various productions (some unhappily still-born) one can trace a glowing and constant stream of inspiration coursing from theatre to theatre, year by year, and radiating its influence on all about him. These drawings have no detailed captions—they are pictures that speak for themselves and their master. Conceived in terms of color, movement, and form, and born to the theatre for but a day or a year, they evoke through the sheer nature of their purpose a transient quality of something rare, caught for a moment and released—akin to life and eternity itself. Mr. Jones's whole approach to the theatre is contained in the frontispiece of his book, a symbolic representation of "The Soul of the Artist," from an old Tibetan painting. Here is the artist's imagination mounted on a winged horse, ascendant, high above the earth and just beneath the gods, surrounded in clouds of glowing fire, and communing with all his spiritual affinities—a host of strange beasts and mysterious shapes. "With one hand the artist brandishes aloft his staff of power."

Practising his craft, fashioning in wood and cloth and paint, Mr. Jones contrives in the theatre significant emblems and signs. He extracts from the pregnant forms of dramatists inward shadows, and clothes them with sensitive clarity. He imbues the actors with the impelling force and strength of conception of Nietzsche's Superman. This is the work of the artist in the theatre, and this is his reason for existence. He raises finally all of this mysterious creation like thin air into a pendant mirage, and so this book remains a vision for those who care about the theatre, and for whom the theatre cares.

When Man Perceives

A THEORY OF DIRECT REALISM, and the Relation of Realism to Idealism. By J. E. TURNER. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1925. $4.25.

Reviewed by RALPH BARTON PERRY
Harvard University

DURING the last decade or so there has, in English-speaking countries, been a notable centering of philosophical attention on the problem of perception. To understand this problem it is necessary to suppose at the outset a provisional distinction between two realms: on the one hand, the content of our actual waking experience,—the colorful, noisy, fragrant, sweet or bitter, warm or cold, hard or soft world that is spread immediately before us as a perpetually changing scene; on the other hand, the world of physics, composed of matter or energy, atoms or electrons, sound-waves, and light-waves, and which contains and acts upon our bodies. The naive man, who in philosophy stands for the man who has no theoretical (only practical) difficulties, is supposed to identify these two worlds, or believe that the world of perpetual appearances and the world of physical reality are the same world. Reflection, however, raises certain questions. The world the physicist talks about is *not* directly sensed,—we do not see, hear, touch, smell, or taste the electrons, and other peculiar entities which physics talks about; while if a man considers the date of his perception, he soon comes to entertain grave doubts as to their fulfilling the requirements of a physical world. They seem to be peculiarly his own, and do not compose that supposedly public domain in which he and others move about, which was there before he was born, and will go on uninterruptedly after his death. The world of his perception is centred in himself, like a panorama, and shot through with his own subjective idiosyncrasies. So the plain man proceeds from a first naiveté in which he sees no difficulties to a second naiveté in which he thinks that these difficulties are simply removed by dividing the world into two worlds, an objective world and a subjective world,—and letting it go at that.

But now a new difficulty arises,—for the physical world, deprived of all of the characters of experience, becomes an empty nothing; and how can one even know of its existence, since knowledge is a subjective act? At this point naiveté has been left behind and philosophy appears—in the person of the Berkeleyan idealist, who proposes to end the trouble by abolishing the external physical world altogether, leaving the world of percepts and thoughts in sole possession of the field. But whose percepts and thoughts? Naturally the philosopher who is doing the talking refers to his *own* percepts and thoughts, and he has either to annex the whole world to his own ego or recognize a chaos of conflicting claims. Even in his modest recognition of others, he must assume it to be possible that he should know something or somebody that is not just his own percept or thought, and there is a similar assumption if he invokes a "universal" perceiver or thinker to take over the whole job. So far, then, it is not clear that philosophy has done any better than naiveté. Sooner or later it seems to be necessary to suppose what was quite uncritically supposed at the outset, namely, that what a man perceives *is* a reality other than himself, that an outer reality can be immediately present to the mind.

* * *

Such, in the briefest terms, is the story that lies behind the title, and the argument of the present book. "Direct realism" is, first, *realism* in holding that there is a physical world which is independent of, and for the most part external to, the perceiving mind; and which is, second, *direct* realism in holding that this physical world does when perceived actually, like the proverbial camel, stick its head into the mental tent. While his view may be said to credit the claim of naïve perception to be an eye-witness of the goings-on of the physical world, any naïve person who opens the present book with the expectation that he can remain naïve, will be disappointed. There is no sophistication like that which is required to justify naïve assumption. All of the difficulties enumerated above, and many more have to be met, and each hypothesis introduced to overcome them begets *new* difficulties. The general method of the author is to reconcile the variety and seeming conflict between one perception and another, as when the same stick, thrust into the water, appears both bent to vision and straight to touch, by enlarging the real stick so as to embrace all the different aspects which it presents. This method is based on the analogy of projective geometry. The same penny appears round from one angle, straight from another, and oval from a third. What, then, is the real shape of the real penny? The answer is that real shape is the system of all of its projections to points in surrounding space. The penny as perceived by an observer stationed at one of these points is, then, related to the real penny as part to whole. The mentality of the percept lies in its selecting and isolating a part of the all-ramifying relativity. But to account for relativity of perception we have to suppose that the real object embraces not only all of its special and temporal projections, but also its causal projections, so that the perceiver does not merely view the physical object from his peculiar angle, but also from the standpoint of its peculiar effects on his body.

* * *

This summary statement deals only with the view which the author holds in common with most of his English and American contemporaries. Alexander, Russell, Broad, Kemp Smith, the American "new realists," and the American "critical realists," all hold that at *some point* the content of perception and the structure of the physical world come together, so that *at that point* there is a direct witnessing of independent reality. On this broad common platform there is abundant room for differences of emphasis, and for sharply conflicting opinions. The greater part of the present book is devoted to such domestic arguments. They make hard reading because the view criticized is too summarily stated to be intelligible to one who is not familiar with it in advance. But to a student of contemporary philosophy Dr. Turner's discussions afford an interesting survey of the present state of the question, and much acute analysis by the way.

In his concluding chapter the author turns to metaphysical questions, and does pious homage to Hegel. He is especially concerned to show that Hegel is both a realist and an idealist, a realist as regard the relation of the physical world to the human perceiver, an idealist in the sense that he holds the universe to be a systematic and intelligible whole. Dr. Turner finds fault with the prevailing view that Hegel is an idealist in the subjectivistic sense, and would free the term "idealism" altogether from any such implication. But to ascribe to reality such characters as "idea," "notion," "thought," and "self-consciousness," when one *means* only that reality is logically coherent, is at the very least to use terms in a manner that is certain to breed confusion. Furthermore, a review of modern philosophy certainly reveals the fact that something began with Berkeley and with Kant which has colored the thought of all who adhere to the Hegelian tradition. This innovating doctrine proclaimed that knowledge is neither a mirroring nor a contemplation of reality as it is, but a *production* of objects, or construction of unity out of the manifold (a "combining intelligence," to use Green's phrase). Unless one were to impute this doctrine to Hegel it would be quite impossible to explain his influence either upon popular thought or upon speculative philosophy. If one recognizes this doctrine, and its continuity from Berkeley through Kant to Bosanquet and Croce, it does not much matter what one calls it. In any case it is the antithesis of realism.

Meredith's Centenary

GEORGE MEREDITH. By J. B. PRIESTLEY. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1926. $1.50.

GEORGE MEREDITH: A Study and an Appraisal. By WILLIAM CHISLETT, JR. Boston: Richard C. Badger. 1926.

Reviewed by CORNELIUS WEYGANDT
University of Pennsylvania

THESE two books on George Meredith herald the centenary of his birth. In 1928 it will be a hundred years since the father of the modern English novel was born. It is time, indeed, that he had a place in the English Men of Letters series, and it is time that an attempt, such as Mr. Priestley's, should be made to state what place Meredith occupies in the long line of English novelists.

Mr. Priestley owns rather grudgingly that "The Egoist" is one of "the six best pieces of fiction in the language," but he is no enthusiast. He labors hard to judge justly of his author and he does judge as justly of him, perhaps, as any English Briton may of a writer largely Celtic in style and fashion of thought. Meredith, of Welsh and Irish ancestry as well as Saxon, is British rather than English, and one must have Celtic sympathies to appreciate all of him. Mr. Priestley makes the mistake about Meredith that Henley made about Stevenson. Henley could not understand the family prayers and other clan ceremonials indulged in by Stevenson in Samoa, and thought them insincere. He could not understand they were simply a natural development of the playboy that was always in his old friend. So Mr. Priestley balks at the tall talk of Meredith and thinks it insincere. The man Meredith, as Mr. Priestley conceives him, is, too, always getting between him and Meredith the writer. The man he conceives of as "Gentleman Georgy," as Meredith was known in boyhood to some of his companions, and from this point of view he builds up a characterization of Meredith as a rather unlovable snob.

It is a pity that Mr. Priestley has this unfortunate point of view, for it was a rare privilege that fell to his lot of putting into short compass what the average man of cultivation who has not read all of Meredith would want to know of him. Mr. Priestley has gathered together into a brief and well proportioned sketch the known facts about the life of Meredith, the progress of his reputation, and his influence on the development of the English novel. It is temperamental and racial *flairs* that prevent his full realization of the greatness of Meredith.

"George Meredith: A Study and An Appraisal" is a contribution to Meredithiana rather than an interpretation and valuation of George Meredith. It is the opinion of its author, Dr. Chislett, that George Meredith is "not widely read," that "he never was popular," that "in spite of himself he wrote for the few." If this is so it is probably as largely due to the obscurity of his style as to his preoccupation with issues of his day that have ceased to be issues now that the world has moved toward his point of view. There is plenty of sheer story,

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in Meredith, crabbedly as it may be told, and weighted as it may be with analysis. Things happen in his novels thick and fast. His people are flesh and blood, and often of so heroic a cast as to take their place with those of the greatest writers. In Sir Willoughby Patterne the egoist of his sex is quintessentialized as is the minx in Becky Sharp. Richmond Roy is as antic as Monkbarns and as real. Diana is of the stature of Zenobia and Eustacia.

There are unforgettable phrases and aphorisms and epigrams scattered prodigally through the pages of Meredith. "Over the flowering hawthorn the moon stood like a wind-blown white rose of the heavens." That is from "Emilia in England." And this is from "Beauchamp's Career:" "Strength is the brute form of truth." All the world knows the "dainty rogue in porcelain" that Sir Willoughby so disliked as a description of his Clara.

There are passages of lyric prose in "Richard Feverel," and in "Harry Richmond," in "Emilia in England," and in "Beauchamp's Career" that are as fine as any of the "show" passages from Sir Thomas Browne, or Carlyle, or Ruskin. Meredith's poet and philosopher and prophet as well as novelist. Perhaps this very multiplicity of powers tends to keep readers away. Perhaps not only his short-circuited style, but his attempt to do so many things at once in his moments of crisis, shocks and confuses the average consumer of novels.

Dr. Chislett is confident of Meredith's place in English literature, but he fears it will be a lonely place and unfrequented. In his last chapter "The Future of Meredith," he seems to doubt if Meredith will have more than an academic appreciation "tomorrow and tomorrow." Dr. Chislett need not worry. And Mr. Priestley need not doubt. As long as man cares for lyric rapture, for revelation of human nature, for great portraits of women and men, for an optimistic philosophy of life that blinks no ugly facts, George Meredith will be read and written of and talked about by thinking men young and old.

Masterpieces

THE CONNOISSEUR. By WALTER DE LA MARE. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1926. $2.50.

Reviewed by EDWARD DAVISON

MR. DE LA MARE'S conversion from verse to imaginative prose-fiction is one portentous sign of our literary times. Until a few years ago, although he had always furnished forth a discreet love for prose, Mr. de la Mare's reputation stood or fell by his verse. His war volumes yielded little in popularity to the verse of any English compeer. He had achieved a style, an attitude, and, like most good poets, created a world of his own. As a poet writing in verse he stood apart from all groups and factions. Then, with the publication of his "Memoirs of a Midget," he suddenly switched his poetry out of verse into prose, style, world, and all, whither the majority of his admirers followed him. It is perhaps not unreasonable to see in this development a recognition of those hard facts which the ambitious modern poet, sooner or later, is compelled to face. He cannot continue *ad infinitum* to write short poems. Something in the mental make-up of the reading public is ill-disposed to poems that exceed the anthologists' length. Therefore, unless the poet is prepared to confront disinterest, if not actual neglect, he must use some more popular literary form to clothe his most ambitious efforts. Not otherwise will he carry his audience with him on the whole journey. Thus Mr. Hardy, in the earlier past, drove his poetry to market in the novel and bartered it there until he could afford the return to Parnassus.

This, of course, is not the whole truth concerning Mr. de la Mare's journey. His gradual change of garb has perhaps been justified by the winning of a poetic freedom which, in his case, could be achieved more easily and conveniently in prose than in verse. That rich embroidery of minute detail which is a chief characteristic of all his work, old and new, is an essential part of his artistic vision. It would become monotonous in protracted verse. Even in his prose some people will find it monotonous. Once or twice in this new book he does not completely escape the charge of over-wrought writing. His decorations are infinitely minute. The least cornice has its mouldings. His roofs cannot resist a gargoyle. And sometimes he passes the limits of satiety. It is the old romantic fault, excess. His richness resembles nothing so much as an enormous cake over-stuffed with the very best plums. We pause to think rather enviously of plain bread-and-butter.

But, as usual, this is only the vice of a virtue occasionally pushed too far. In general, though he always patterns his mosaic to cover the whole area of his floor, Mr. de la Mare leaves sufficient open space to rest an ordinarily sophisticated eye. He is at his best in stories where our main attention devolves. When his background is of equal importance (and background is always important to the author of "Arabia") a certain confusion is created in the reader's mind. Too many simultaneous claims are made upon his attention. In following one strand he tends to lose touch with another: and there are always a score of strands. This difficulty is not diminished by the author's intermittent flights into the most baffling regions of his exceptionally subtle imagination. "The Connoisseur," the title story of this book, for instance, is not so much a story as a mystic poem in prose. Mr. de la Mare offends (and we thank him for it) most principles laid down by the professors who undertake to teach the art of short-story composition. Often when his dragon has a sting in its tail that sting is scrupulously concealed from all save the rarest kind of reader. The others carry away the memory of an excellent story; but it is not Mr. de la Mare's story. Thus he has often been discussed by inadequate reviewers as a mere author of stories for children. The same was once current of his verse.

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"The Connoisseur" begins two pages from its end and ends—but I, for one, dare not suggest precisely where it ends. Through a score of involutions and convolutions, followed in the author's most ornate prose, the very windings of the dragon itself, the sting flickers in and out without, as it seems, striking anything definite. In the light of one's previous readings of Mr. de la Mare, we may blame our baffled selves more than him. One looks for anagrams in the names of his symbolic characters but without finding any satisfactory key to the elucidation of his mystery. Writing in the absence of books (in short, seventeen miles from the nearest railway station), it is impossible to say who St. Dusman was, or who or what he represents. And was "Sasurat" the name of a star? Is Kootoora an Arabian or Persian word? Or did Mr. de la Mare invent it? Whatever the replies the reading of our story is scarcely affected. Happily the central obscurity does not diminish the interest of an extremely fine and characteristic piece of work. In fact it issues a challenge to one's extra-literary ingenuity. In it Mr. de la Mare leaves the common earth of English prose and soars beyond the planes of Beckford and Poe into his own empyrean. This is essentially the projection of that world which appears in its vital colors in his later verse, notably in his volume "The Veil." If Mr. de la Mare's garb has altered it is not because the man who wears it has changed. He has merely evolved.

"The Nap," and "Missing" are stories as good as anything Mr. de la Mare has done in their kind. His atmospherics are positively phenomenal. "Missing" is the quasi-confession, to a casual and unwilling listener, of a murder committed, but not explicitly acknowledged, by a man whom the narrator has met in a teashop during a London thunderstorm. I know nothing in contemporary literature so consummate as the thematic interplay in this story. Its air is vital, tense, exhausting. One emerges from its pages limp and stupefied into an air still overcharged with electricity. To read it is an experience that not even an insensitive reader will soon forget. It purges as tragedy. "There but for the grace of God go I." The author has never written forty-five more vivid pages.

Enough of Mr. de la Mare's book still remains to thrust an enthusiastic reviewer beyond the bounds even of this generous space. But passing over the equally vivid experiences of "Mr. Kempe," and "All Hallows" it will be sufficient to say, using in its strictest and rarest sense a word which is gradually being degraded into insignificance by the unjustifiable man-handling of inadequate reviewers, that "The Connoisseur" contains at least four masterpieces, the masterpieces of a poet as well as a short-story writer. No book of such high imaginative quality has appeared in a long time.

The BOWLING GREEN

During the absence of Mr. Morley in Europe general contributions will be run in his column.

The Poet's Housekeeping

PADRAIC COLUM

PADRAIC, the leaping leprechaun,
Lives in a cot with a tidy lawn
In the very same street with an elf, a faun,
Manannan McLir and an omadhaun.

He's up and about at the pink of dawning
Engaged in diversified leprechauning
Including the branches of musing, yawning
And seeing great visions beneath an awning.

Though leprechauns, as the folks pretend,
Are busy with cobbling their brogues no end,
Himself, when he talks, has a private blend
Of brogues 'twere the shame of the world to mend.

EDGAR LEE MASTERS

THE glowery castle of E. L. Masters
Is reared on the jawbones of poetasters;
Its denizen gloats on the soul's disasters
With visage as solemn as Zoroaster's.

He sees such a ravishing lot of crime,
Perversion, insanity, slime and grime
To tell us about, that he has no time
To put it in meter, much less in rhyme.

Below him, awaiting their resurrection
From tombs that no longer afford protection,
Are acres of subjects for keen dissection,
That being his jovial predilection.

EDWIN ARLINGTON ROBINSON

ALOOF on his column our sphere
"E. A.", as they're styling him, charms the ear
With songs that reviewers will call, "austere,"
Though what they'd imply isn't always clear.

Perchance they'd be hinting that, needing color,
His lengthier pieces are growing duller;
And yet he's the marvelous language-muller
Who twists you a phrase like a Downeast cruller.

He tells us with ever increasing stress
That man and his world are a sorry mess;
He's as gay as a whippoorwill—bad cess
To Cassandra, his favorite prophetess!

ROBERT FROST

ELMTOP-HIGH and eastwind-tossed
Hangs the oriole nest of Robert Frost
Who chants like the glen-brook deeply mossed
While the hills lean down till the song is lost.

He flits through the boughs where the bees are maying,
He flutes in the fields where the men are haying,
He broods on the autumn leaf's decaying,
But he isn't especially fond of sleighing.

The things that he tells elucidate
The ways of life in the Granite State,
Which are not unpleasing to contemplate
Though hard on the local electorate.

STEPHEN VINCENT BENÉT

UNDER the city's rusty eaves
Is the nest that is Rose Marie's and Steve's;
But the rain that beats and the wind that grieves
Have little effect on the songs he weaves.

They are joyously grim, they are gustfully bloody
With steel that is clashy and hooves that are thuddy,
Tremendously tragic and youthfully ruddy,
With little enough of the musty study.

For the owl will hoot and the dove make moan
And the crow will croak on the bleaching bone
And the erne will scream from his sea-cliff throne
And the lark will sing when his bill is grown.

ARTHUR GUITERMAN.

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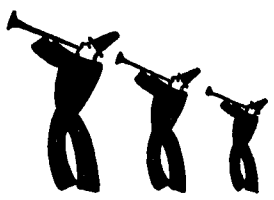

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Books of Special Interest

The Case Against War

THE ABOLITION OF WAR. By SHERWOOD EDDY and KIRBY PAGE. New York George H. Doran Company. 1925. $1.50.
Reviewed by JOHN HAYNES HOLMES

THIS book is divided into two distinct sections. "Part I," by Sherwood Eddy, presents "the case against war;" "Part II," by Kirby Page, presents a series of "questions and answers concerning war." The two sections provide an excellent primer on the subject of war and peace.

Dr. Eddy's contribution to the volume offers familiar material so far as his analysis of the evil of war is concerned. Showing that war is wrong in its methods, disastrous in its results, futile and essentially unchristian, he covers the ground already surveyed by G. Lowes Dickinson's "War: Its Nature, Cause and Cure;" Will Irwin's "The Next War," and "Christ or Mars," and Kirby Page's own widely-read pamphlet, "War: Its Causes, Consequences and Cure." What is important in Dr. Eddy's statement is his personal confession of conversion to absolute pacifism. In an introductory chapter he tells of his support of the Great War, his chagrin when America did not enter the conflict early, his enthusiastic support of America's entrance in 1917. He describes his war service in the glow of his conviction that the "war was a kind of holy crusade, a half-divine crucifixion of humanity for saving the world." Then he tells of his disillusionment, and his final discovery that the Great War was wrong as all wars must be wrong. Then comes his superb pledge, sustained by his affirmation of the right of a man to defy the authority of government in the name of conscience, the voice of God: "I am finally done with war. I, too, can now say with that growing army of men and women of good-will in every land, 'No More War.' I can now throw my life into the breach against it."

Kirby Page's contribution is a catechism containing fifty questions and answers. He begins feebly by finding place for the use of force in individual relations. Like most thinkers on the subject, he fails to see that this opens a leak which sooner or later will sink the ship. The transition, however, from the discussion of force in general to that of war in particular, takes him on to firm ground. He dodges no issues; he evades no questions. Familiar riddles such as "Is not war sometimes the lesser of two evils?" "Did not the World War save the peoples of the earth from Prussian militarism?" "What should a Christian in Belgium have done in 1914?" "What should we do in case of a threatened invasion by Japan?" are all met fairly and squarely. The familiar doctrines of unregenerate human nature; "mad-dog" nations, loyalty to country right or wrong, Jesus as a vindicator of war, are all nailed down for the myths and lies that they really are. Mr. Page has done a wonderfully effective piece of work. Appealing at once to facts, reason, and idealism, he has met the advocates and apologists of war on their own ground, repelled their thrusts, broken their weapons, and thrown them defenseless to the ground.

Ethics of Teaching

TEACHING AS A PROFESSION. By M. J. WALSH. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1926.
Reviewed by WM. CLARK TROW
Yale University

MANY are the changes that have taken place since Hermann Krusi was selected as a teacher because he was only eighteen, and, therefore, young enough to learn what it would be necessary to teach! But many more changes will be needed before teaching can take its place as a profession alongside of law and medicine. This, according to the author, himself a teacher, is largely because the academic and technical preparation of many now thus engaged is so meagre. Then, too, certification is so handled as to admit many unfit, while the income derived from teaching is so low as to keep many of the deserving away. Furthermore, there is little social recognition. A young man is thought prudent if he teaches a year or two until he finds a good opening in some worthwhile work like real estate or insurance.

The crux of the matter, according to Mr. Walsh, lies in the absence of a recognized code of professional ethics. There is a real need, not for beautifully phrased and beautifully vague teachers' creeds, but for codes which in specific clauses will make clear the manifold interrelationships of teacher, administrator, board of education, parents, and public. Thus, for example, can teachers be made to realize that disparaging criticism of their predecessors and their colleagues hurts themselves as well as the profession. Thus can they free themselves from the fetters of the narrow-minded in a community. Thus can administrators be safeguarded from the beggars for special privileges and from the curse of political influence.

The book is an important one, based on careful investigations in different parts of the country. It should be read with interest by those who are actually engaged in educational work, as well as by those who are preparing for it, that their influence may be thrown in favor of the building up of such a code as the one the author tentatively presents. It should also make its appeal to the wider public, for whom the schools are established and without whose intelligent coöperation little progress can be made.

Valiant Life

THEY KNEW THE WASHINGTONS. By GASTON DE LA BASTIE. Translated by the Princess Radziwill. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. 1926. $3.
Reviewed by AMY LOVEMAN

THESE letters from a French soldier with Lafayette and from his family in Virginia are offered by the Princess Radziwill in the archives of whose family they had lain neglected for many years with a brief introduction recounting their history and that of Gaston de la Bastie and his wife. The publishers have seen fit to disavow responsibility for their authenticity,—why, we cannot see, for the correspondence bears every evidence of genuineness and is not of a character to arouse suspicion either because of its content or its manner. It is notable rather for the fact that the young Frenchman who fought in the army of Washington so clearly recognized the greatness of his leader than for any new or startling material that it contains, and it is engaging because of its unpremeditated comment on personalities and happenings of the day. Not the least interesting part of the correspondence—as it is the most charming—is the series of letters from the young wife of the soldier to his mother, letters which in chronicling the happenings of home and society reveal a fine and resolute spirit and a lively mind.

Gaston Marie Leonard Maussion de la Bastie was the black sheep of a family of eminent respectability, members of the lower nobility. At twenty-six or seven, having managed to get into a worse scrape than usual, he had fallen under the family disapproval and was about to be sent into retirement in Picardy when by joining Lafayette he escaped to a far more exciting existence. His letters recount his experiences on shipboard, and afterward in America, where from his first meeting with him he seems to have been Washington's devoted admirer. They add little to what has often been said before, about that great figure, but they present informally impressions that were formed in the stress of battle and ripened on further acquaintance. They show Washington as the commander accepting with imperturbable spirit ill fortune as well as good, and as the man of kindly and friendly impulses as well as heroic qualities.

De Maussion himself seems to have been an ardent rather than a purposeful man, and his improvidence frequently caused anxiety and distress to the young wife who met hardship with a gallant spirit. Yet she wrote with zest of a life which if it contained much of difficulty in its daily round of household duties provided also considerable social diversion. Her pictures of colonial society, on the plantation to which she first went and in Philadelphia where she attended balls and gatherings the details and costumes of which she recorded for her mother-in-law with freshness and enjoyment, are written with an unstudied liveliness that is always charming. She enjoyed the proud distinction of a visit to Mt. Vernon, and she shared the veneration of her husband for Washington. She turned the eye of a housewife upon the arrangements of his home and other houses that she entered, and the interest of a woman on the personalities and costumes of the women she met. Transfused throughout her letters is a certain radiance of spirit. While of no large historical importance her correspondence like that of her husband has vitality and interest. Princess Radziwill was well-advised in rescuing it from the dust of the attic and giving it to the public.

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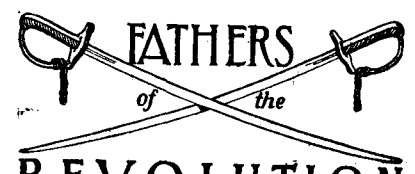

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Points of View

Mr. Barnes Objects

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

Mr. Tugwell's review of "The History and Prospects of the Social Sciences" invites elaborate controversy, but I shall content myself with a few observations on certain points in his criticism which are so clearly in defiance of the facts as to require comment by the editor. In the first place, the reviewer condemns the book as a whole because he dislikes certain aspects of the introduction by the editor and the failure of Mr. Bigelow to devote more space to the future of economics. This is certainly a most inadequate foundation for an adverse opinion upon a volume written by ten collaborators.

In the second place, he infers that the book was written under the general inspiration of the philosophy of Lester F. Ward. Nothing in any of the chapters could possibly justify any such generalization. The dedication to Dr. Ward and the placing of his picture as the frontispiece of the volume were arbitrary acts of the editor alone. The book was dedicated to Ward, not on account of deference to any of his particular philosophical or sociological dogmas, but because it is universally conceded that Ward was the first important social scientist to state with thoroughness and eloquence the thesis that the future of society is contingent upon the development and application of social science to social change. The editor would maintain that no other person living or dead could have been chosen with as great propriety to symbolize the spirit and purpose of the volume. Had Mr. Tugwell read the analysis of Ward's social philosophy by Professor Hankins, he would have found that Professor Hankins is distinctly critical of Ward's method and many phases of his social philosophy; and it was one of Hankins's students, Dr. M. M. Knight, who shattered the very foundations of the biological basis of some of Ward's most crucial generalizations. Ward is scarcely mentioned in any other chapter except that on jurisprudence, and there his influence was slight and by no means ruinous. To most of the collaborators Ward was nothing more than a vague name and had no more specific or personal influence upon the planning and writing of their chapters than Confucius or Gandhi. Mr. Tugwell is not only inaccurate in his characterization of the influence of Ward on the volume, but also quite inconsistent. The book was dedicated to Ward because he symbolizes better than any other writer the general ethical import of social science emphasized in the editorial introduction. Mr. Tugwell complains that Ward's influence has ruined the book, and yet he also bewails the fact that he does not discover in the successive chapters a sufficient impress of that very ethical import which Ward exemplifies. Aside from this ethical or reformative emphasis in his writings, the other chief aspects of Ward's method were his insistence upon a scientific approach to sociology and upon the use of the statistical method in studying social problems and suggesting social reforms. There does not appear to be anything here which is likely to prove disastrous to social science. It is the opinion of the writer that Mr. Tugwell can possess only a very slight knowledge of either Dr. Ward's sociological methodology or his general social philosophy. He probably remembers that Simon N. Patten disliked some of Ward's dogmas.

Mr. Tugwell states: "In almost none of the subjects will the treatment serve as a short history and summary to which one can refer needful persons." A few sentences beyond this he complains because the chapters are so much devoted to a history of the development of the several social sciences that there was no room left for propaganda. Whatever the other defects in the volume, it is certain that it can pretend most conspicuously to serve as a brief summary of the development of each of the social sciences dealt with. For an opinion on this subject the reader may be referred to the statement of Professor William MacDonald, certainly a man far better equipped to speak with authority upon the social sciences and their history than Mr. Tugwell. Professor MacDonald says in his review of the book in the *New York Times* for January 21, 1926; "Any one who will read through the nearly 500 pages that follow the introductory chapter will have a summary view of the achievements and problems of scholarship the like of which has rarely been presented in a single book. The historical reviews which each writer offers are both competent and fair, graced with generous recognition even when the writer himself disagrees."

Professor Tugwell also states that the book can in no sense "be taken as representative of main trends and authoritative minds." Leaving aside for the time being the editor and Mr. Bigelow, whom Mr. Tugwell apparently especially dislikes, the editor would be pleased to have Mr. Tugwell list a group of writers who would constitute more "authoritative minds" in the social sciences than Brunhes, Givler, Goldenweiser, Hankins, Parshley, Pound, Shepard, and Young. And he would further like to ask Mr. Tugwell to state any leading trends in the social sciences covered which are not dealt with as adequately as possible in the volume under discussion.

New York.

HARRY ELMER BARNES.

Mrs. Eddy's View

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

By way of correcting any false impression that might have been conveyed by a reference to Christian Science in the review of a book entitled, "Principles of Psychotherapy," appearing in your May 15 issue, please permit me to say that inasmuch as the author of this book in many important particulars has misrepresented the Christian Science religion, the book should not be recommended as a true and dependable presentation of Mrs. Eddy's teachings. There is nothing new or original in his statements. They are in fact little more than a re-write of statements which have been made over a period of years by the countless critics of this religion and present the same erroneous point of view. There is, for instance, not the slightest similarity between the teachings and practice of Christian Science and the various modes of suggestive therapy to which the author refers. All hypnotic methods of treatment are based upon the theory of many minds and the power of one mind over another; whereas Christian Science distinctly teaches that there is but one Mind, infinite and divine, called God. Bearing directly upon this point Mrs. Eddy has stated on page 144 of the Christian Science textbook, "Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures," "Human will-power is not Science. Human will belongs to the so-called material senses, and its use is to be condemned. Willing the sick to recover is not the metaphysical practice of Christian Science. . . . Human will-power may infringe the rights of man. It produces evil continually, and is not a factor in the realism of being. Truth, and not corporeal will, is the divine power which says to disease, 'Peace, be still.'"

New York.

CHARLES E. HEITMAN.
Christian Science Committee on Publication.

Matter and Style

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

The "Point of View" expressed by J. C. Nicholson in the June 19 issue and the editorial in reply to it interested me so much that I am tempted to stick my own superfluous finger in the pie. The question, if you remember, concerned the relative values in a literary work of matter and the manner of its expression. My suggestion, which teeters on the brink of pedantry, springs from an essay by Arnold Bennett, who was so bold as to declare that there is no distinction between "matter" and "style."

"When a writer conceives an idea," wrote Mr. Bennett, "he conceives it in a form of words. . . . The idea can only exist in words, and it can only exist in one form of words. . . . An idea exists in proportion as it is expressed; it exists when it is expressed, and not before. . . . You cannot have good matter and bad style."

He does not seem to be in doubt about it, but I have ventured to clear the air by recourse to the dictionary. Here I am reminded that the word *idea* has two distinct meanings: "an indefinite conception, a mental apprehension;" and "the finished product of a mental apprehension." This homonym was obviously Bennett's stumbling block. An idea, in the first sense, can exist independently of words; in the second it cannot.

But his idea, which happened to be an idea in the first sense, is valuable in that it helps us to our conclusion—that literature is to be judged by two criteria, the first concerning its matter (the undefined conception in the writer's mind), and the second concerning the evolution of this undefined conception to its unique formulation in words.

The significance is that a work is never big unless its original conception is big, but that this is not enough. The formulation in words must also be true to the original. And on the other hand the most æsthetic stylist is merely a writer who expresses in its one essential form an æsthetic if not all-important conception.

SYDNEY MELLEN.

A. C. Cox

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

I was interested in the curiosity displayed by W. Elsworth Lawson in the author A. C. Coxe, who wrote the pulverizing and ridiculous review of the "Scarlet Letter," reprinted in my "Notorious Literary Attacks." Mr. Lawson's surmises in his letter in your issue of the 12th are all correct. Unnecessarily he has devoted half a column to trying to prove that the author was an American. Mr. Lawson is under the impression that the *Church Review* where the article appeared was an English periodical. It was published in New Haven, Connecticut. I should have probably stated this in my book. The Rev. A. C. Coxe for a time officiated in that city. Had Mr. Lawson known these facts he would not have wasted his ammunition trying to prove the obvious that the author of the article was an American, which of course as Mr. Lawson shows, internal evidence proves.

The review or rather article on the writings on Hawthorne from which the extract on the "Scarlet Letter" was taken was not signed, but is attributed to A. C. Coxe by Hawthorne bibliographers. He was as Mr. Lawson thinks, the Bishop of Western New York and author of the books attributed to him by Mr. Lawson. I could have given a full account of him, but did not think it necessary to revive the vogue of a man who had made himself so ridiculous. He was thirty-three years old when he wrote the Hawthorne article. He was the author of many volumes of poetry and there are accounts of him in the third volume of the Cyclopedia of American Biography, where a portrait of the worthy divine is also given, and in the old American Encyclopædia. Mr. Coxe died in 1896 and had thus lived to see the novel, he stigmatized as immoral, regarded universally as the greatest American novel.

It may interest Mr. Lawson to know that two references, though almost similar, appear in Poe's works about Mr. Coxe's poem "Saul." In 1845 in the *Broadway Journal*, Poe disclaimed having written a hostile review of Coxe's "Saul a Mystery," as he was reputed to have done in a poem "A Reversal," which was going the rounds of the press and which concluded as follows:

But maugre all their croaking
Of the "raven"—and the joking
Of the verdant fellow of the used to be review
The PEOPLE, in derision
Of their impudent decision,
Have declared without division, that the "Mystery" will do.

Poe replies that he had not yet read or expressed an opinion of the poem. He says Coxe had written some beautiful poems, and complains that whenever a book is abused it is taken for granted that he had been abusing it. This protest appears in the twelfth volume of the Virginian edition of his works, pages 243-244.

In May, 1840, Poe reprinted part of the above in his Marginalia in the *Southern Literary Messenger*. By that time he had read the poem. He is now very scornful of it, repeats it "will do"—for trunk paper, says that the PEOPLE had already forgotten it, and plays upon the word mystery, adding it was a mystery to him how he ever finished this unfathomable mystery. (Reprinted in volume 16 of his works)

However Mr. Lawson deserves credit for the information he has given us and for the good guess he made about the author of the article.

I also wish to thank him fervidly for the kindly and flattering manner in which he has referred to my own introduction, and I regret not having incorporated some biographical data about the Rev. Mr. Coxe therein.

Philadelphia.

ALBERT MORDELL.

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Literature Abroad

By Ernest Boyd

At the meeting of the P. E. N. Clubs at Berlin in May the chief subject of discussion was translations. An English committee has drawn up a list of books by British authors, published since 1900, which are recommended for translation into foreign languages, and an American committee has also been formed to undertake the same task for American books. As the country in which the greatest number of foreign works are translated, Germany has a very special interest in this apparently simple, but often complicated subject. I fancy that a factor in bringing the topic to the fore at this particular moment is the fact that a mild sensation has been created by the discovery of a considerable number of errors in the German version of Proust's "A la Recherche du Temps Perdu," which has recently begun to appear. In the *Literarische Welt*, Dr. Ernst Curtius filled up a page with gross errors of which the translator has been guilty, and even the easier prose of "Les Plaisirs et les Jours" has not been adequately rendered.

Many of the errors I have seen are no worse than those which disfigure Mr. Scott Moncrieff's English translation, and at their worst they may be compared with the butchery of Paul Morand's "Lewis et Irène." These have escaped attention, however, and the Germans are, for the moment, the scape-goats, being denounced by French critics with something of the fervor which English reviewers expend upon translations made in America. The P. E. N. Berlin conference passed a resolution to the effect that people who are parties to pirated or mangled translations, without the consent of the author, should not be admitted to membership. French publishers are making it a condition of their agreements that all translations shall be submitted to the author for approval. Coming from a country where the greatest liberties are freely taken by translators, and where there is the least interest in the spread of foreign literature, this demand is calculated to cause trouble. Nothing is more exasperating or amusing (according to one's taste) than the spectacle of a foreign author instructing his translator in the nuances of the latter's own language!

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Authoritative lists of works deserving the attention of translators may either serve a very useful purpose or be very misleading. A casual inspection of the list prepared in England showed me that many books were recommended which had long since appeared in the more important languages of Europe. To list these again is possible to send some publisher or translator on a wild goose chase; at best, it is a waste of time which might be given to finding undeservedly neglected works. It is also important to consider in this connection the suitability of a book for translation into one language and not into another. The wholesale endorsement of a long list of works which have appeared over a period of fifteen or twenty years cannot fail to strike the practical translator as lacking in a realization of the considerations which govern the selection of books for translation, apart from the purely business aspect of the case. If the recommendations are not specific, if the list is merely a catalogue of a country's outstanding publications, then it is surely a work of supererogation, for no publisher or translator interested in foreign literature can be quite so ignorant of the standard reference books.

Meanwhile Germany is getting her usual rich ration of foreign literature. From the English I noticed "Arrowsmith," "The Constant Nymph," "Aristide Pujol," "Porto Bello Gold," "Poor White," "The Forsyte Saga," "If Winter Comes," "Plain Tales from the Hills," "Said the Fisherman," "The Plastic Age," "The Boy in the Bush;" even "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" has been appearing as a serial, in a translation which is little short of miraculous, so superbly are the unconscious humors of Loreley's conversation reproduced. The range and diversity of these books, in the field of fiction alone, indicate the representative character of the selections for the German reader who does not know English. A similar random list of our translations from French or German would yield results of a more limited and esoteric nature. We restrict our choice to foreign authors of accepted literary standing, as a rule, largely because Continental best sellers rarely repeat their success in English.

If Thomas Mann is beginning to find the public which can appreciate him in this country, a speculation to which we shall have the answer if we survive the test of "Der Zauberberg" (now in the course of translation, I understand), mathematicians may calculate the date when Klaus Mann will come into his own! Heretofore, we have had to reckon with the brothers Thomas and Heinrich Mann, but now another Mann, the son of Thomas, has entered upon the scene. The author of "Buddenbrooks" was twenty-three years old when his first book, "Der Kleine Herr Friedemann," apepared in 1898. Heinrich Mann was twenty-eight when "m Schlaraffenland" was published in 1900. Is it a sign of the times that Klaus Mann was eighteen last year when, like his father, he made his début with a small volume of short stories, entitled "Vor dem Leben?" The only recent instance of such precocity that occurs to me, where a youth not yet twenty produced a book with genuine and mature qualities, is that of Raymond Radiguet, whose "Diable au Corps" appeared in 1923, and who died at the end of that year, aged twenty, having written that remarkable novel at the age of seventeen.

Klaus Mann has just published his second book, a novel called "Der Fromme Tanz," in which he quotes Radiguet in explanation of himself. "I shall lay myself open to many reproaches, but is it my fault that I was twelve years old a few months before the war was declared? Undoubtedly the difficulties which that period brought upon me were such as one never experiences at that age. . . . But I am not alone in this." He might have extended the quotation to include the profound remark: "since nothing exists that is strong enough to age us, despite appearances, I was compelled to act as a child would, in a situation where even a man would have felt embarrassed." Both Radiguet and Klaus Mann illustrate this element of grown-up childishness—so very different from the childishness of grown-ups—which so many of us are apt to mistake for premature maturity in the generation to which these young writers belong.

The opening story in "Vor dem Leben" is an acute and fine study of a group of school children who have their own code of ethics and morals, with the consequent problems, and whose lives are disturbed by the irrelevant irruption into their world of the ideas and morality of their teachers, with whom they are supposed to coöperate on a self-governing school council. "Der Vater Lacht" is an elaborate and subtle analysis of the conflict between a widowed father and his daughter, who comes home after many years of absence in a boarding-school, fills the conservative home with strange books, eccentric friends, and disturbing ideas. Once again Klaus Mann describes two parallel lines of conduct that can never meet, those of the two generations represented by father and daughter, an antagonism that is involuntary and unalterable because it derives from mutually exclusive premises. Age must surrender to youth, he indicates, and the capitulation is accomplished under circumstances which must, I fear, for ever bar this book rfom publication in English, for the symbol of the father's nakedness in "Many Marriages" is here employed to more erotic purpose.

Equally difficult, I think, is the problem of translatjng into English "Der Fromme Tanz," for whose innocent morbidity the author offers as an excuse that the leading characters were thirteen when the German revolution occurred, asking with Radiguet if he can be held responsible for that fact and its results. Beginning with the revolt of the young artist, Andreas Magnus, against the morality and the æsthetic of his bourgeois elders, the author follows the adventures of the protagonist through the devious ways of the Berlin night world, with especial reference to the inchoate, ambiguous sex life of that underworld. The romantic sentimentalism concealed from older eyes beneath the appearance of harshness, frivolity, and heartless irresponsibility and insensitiveness, emerges from Klaus Mann's realistic picture of the post-war generation in Germany. The measure of what has overtaken the world lies in the difference between his first novel and his father's, which was written during the allegedly decadent eighteen nineties. Yet, Andreas Magnus is the logical sequel to the decline of the Buddenbrooks family.

Jean Paul

JEAN PAUL. By Frederick Burschell. Stuttgart: Deutsche Verlags-Anstalt. 1926.

JEAN PAUL: DAS WERDEN SEINER GEISTIGEN GESTALT. By Walther Meier. Zurich: Orell Füssli. 1926.

Reviewed by A. W. G. Randall

Jean Paul, we are afraid, is one of those writers who is generally "taken as read." The centenary of his death last November, it is true, produced a good number of books about him in Germany, and two of the best—the first a biographical study by a Jean Paul specialist, the second a rather "scientific" analysis by a young German-Swiss scholar—have been selected here for review. But this does not mean that even the Germans are any more alive to the genius of him whom Carlyle called "the chosen man of Germany and of the world." The very tone of most recent works about Jean Paul shows that there is general indifference to be overcome. And yet, even if we have read only a few selections, we feel there must be some reality at the back of these eulogies. When so delicate a sensibility as the poet Stefan George puts Jean Paul next to Goethe, when so acute a critic as the late Moritz Heimann classes him with Dostoievski, we feel—apart altogether from the eulogy of Carlyle, which is a classic of critical appreciation—as if we must embark on a voyage of discovery whose difficulties may not be so formidable, or at least prescribing so little hope of reward, as they appear from the land.

Both Herr Burschell and Herr Meier are useful guides in that they supply the clue to what is most tiresome and also most inspired in Jean Paul's work, the reflection of himself, his outward circumstances and his inward experiences. We may plough on for days, it may seem, over a waste of words to which even ingenious dictionary-makers have been unable to supply an explanation, through passages which defy satisfactory translation into ordinary modern German, not to speak of English, and then, suddenly, we may come across a tract of extraordinary beauty, illuminated with intellectual penetration or moral sensitiveness or verbal beauty as with a lightning-flash. And at once we can appreciate the view of those for whom Jean Paul is one of the supreme geniuses of literature. There is a passage from the *Unsichtbare Loge* quoted by Herr Meier which exactly illustrates this astonishing quality in Jean Paul. It is too long to give in full, and to put it into English would be beside the point. For those who have an ear for one of the most remarkable nature-hymns in prose, however, here are the closing lines:

Und als der Morgenwind ihm der grosse Atem eines kommenden "Genius schien, und als die flatternde Laube sprach und der Apfelbau" seine Wange mit einem kalten Blatt bewarf—und als endlich sein belastet-gehendes Auge auf den weissen Flügel eines Sommervogels tragen liess, der ungehört und einsam über bunte Blumen wogte und ans breite, grüne Blatt sich wie eine Ohrrose versilberndhing . . . so fing der Himmel an zu brennen, der entflohenen Nacht loderte der nachschleifende Saum ihres Mantels weg und auf dem Rand der Erde lag, wie eine vom göttlichen Throne niedersunkene Krone Gottes, die Sonne: Gustav rief "Gott steht dort," und stürzte mit geblendetem Auge und Geiste und mit dem grossen Gebet, das noch ein kindlicher zehnjähriger Busen fasste, auf Blumen hin. . . .

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A little *récherché*, perhaps—for one can never entirely forget Jean Paul's well-filled notebooks—but full of vital experience all the same. And the first problem for any student of Jean Paul is to reconcile such heights of eloquence with the immense dull level of pedestrian prose which makes up a good deal of his collected work. Herr Meier's analysis is a little disconcerting at first, since he uses the phrase "seraph and satyr" and thus implies that the satirical quality in Jean Paul's writing had no beauty. As his essay progresses, however, he proves his point, which is that Jean Paul's satire, however admirable, did not really correspond to his innermost impulse. As Jean Paul himself—ever an excellent psychologist and self-observer—remarked, his *Anlage* was to extreme sensibility, not to satire, wit, and humor at all. The latter qualities were the protecting-wall round his intense sensibility, the outcome of his too-vivid realization of the vanity of human reason. So that, in the last analysis, Jean Paul stands out before us, not so much as the humorist and genius of satire, labels we have too exclusively given him, but as a poet, as serious a poet as, say, Shelley. To make this discovery gives the sense of real literary adventure and amply compensates for much toil, irritation, and boredom which any adventurer into Jean Paul's prose must make up his mind to endure.

A Bellicose Soul

TIPOS Y COSTUMBRES. By Mariano Benlliure y Tuero. Madrid: Editorial Atlantida. 1926.

Reviewed by Wilfred A. Beardsley
Goucher College

Another bellicose soul has followed in the literary footsteps of Theophrastus and La Bruyère. The former bombarded his fellow Greeks with mocking words; the latter worried Louis XIV and his sensitive court. The latest convert to the *genre* is a Spaniard, a journalist named Benlliure y Tuero. He is also credited with such titles as "El Ansia de la Inmortalidad," and "Sátiras y Diatribas," which smack of the Unamuno tradition.

Benlliure y Tuero chose his profession well for a study of contemporary characteristics; in no pursuit could he have made more varied social contacts or developed a more facile pen. Of course he ran the danger of superficiality. As a writer on current institutions he has all the virtues and some of the vices of his craft—but he has written a book which is alive and deserves attention from one end to the other. At times he is too much the professional controversialist, but this is the penalty of playing on the La Bruyère team.

It is not surprising that Benlliure y Tuero is at heart a socialist, as so many of his fellow satirists have been from Rabelais to G. B. S. and Anatole France. Fortunately for his readers he does not insist upon his hobby, though it is impossible not to see his tremendous sympathy for the common people as opposed to the fashionables, the over-refined, and the "patrioteers" (a strong word for our own "profiteers"). Benlliure y Tuero is always for the middle class, in which he sees all the virtues of the upper and the nether strata with none of their excesses.

A list of some of his chapter-headings (begging pardon for the impromptu translations!) will give some idea of the line of development in *Tipos y Costumbres*:" The matinee-idol; The die-hard; The man of prey; The Biarritz sportsman; His Majesty the columnist; Elegant ladies; A woman's novelist; Progressivists; Summer Hellenism; Bull-fights; Society editors; Loafing. The author is a sharp critic who hits hard and all around him.

One sample of his technique will show, I believe, that "Tipos y Costumbres" is a vibrant social document, whether it attains longevity or not. Benlliure y Tuero is making a passionate plea for the discontinuance of the bull-fight on the usual grounds of cruelty and unfairness to the animals involved. He makes the interesting suggestion of evening up the chances by bringing *matador* and bull together without allowing the bull to be tired out by *banderilleros* and *picadores*, as the present system too much resembles a duel of honor in which an adversary is first beaten and then wounded "as a precautionary measure" before entering the main combat; he also insists that the bull should be allowed to roam the range in peace if he kills his man. Of course, these suggestions are made ironically, but there is the same basis of truth and fair-play in them as in all the rest of "Tipos y Costumbres."

In conclusion, the editor points out that there has always been analysis in Italian fiction, but that the word is not synonymous with great. Svevo's first two novels were obviously Naturalistic, and their debt to Verga, Manzoni, and d'Annunzio is apparent. Even the analysis in "La Coscienza di Zeno" does not appear to be exactly what it is in Joyce and Proust, as witness the comparable effects in Sibilla Aleramo and Cicognani. Above all, he protests against the assumption that this "analytical art, real or not, is alone worthy to flourish in a European climate and be exported," and suggests that Verga's fishermen are quite as "universal" and "European" as Dostoevsky's peasants. All of which accords with my own sentiments concerning these discoveries which, for reasons unapparent to me, must always be made at the expense of historical, and often common, sense.

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The prompt book of Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night," as used for Augustin Daly's production in 1893, was the chief treasure from the David Belasco collection of books and dramatic material sold at the Walpole Galleries June 14. Dr. A. S. W. Rosenbach captured this relic of older Broadway for $460. Its companion piece, the music for the same production, with orchestra conductor's score, went to the same purchaser for $350.

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later

Art

ART FOR AMATEURS AND STUDENTS. By GEORGE J. COX. Illustrated. Doubleday, Page. 1926. $5.

The author's brief survey of essentials in design and aesthetics is of a sustained and rather tedious breeziness, while his position is so eclectic as to be merely confusing. His heart is evidently with the Modernists, but he is capable of admiring both Cotman and Cézanne, and he has passing qualms over Matisse and Rouault. His picture of the past is engagingly simple: art was cramped by the Renaissance until Cézanne et Cie. liberated it. The nineteenth century was a sink of triviality. Equally simple is the consideration of beauty. It consists in fine design. There is probably no more behind it than the will to design finely. Such easy tripping over great problems can hardly be edifying either to amateurs or students, and leaves an unfavorable impression.

But all this is really *hors d'oeuvre*. The real value of the book consists in the thirty-six big plates on which are grouped from two to nine examples of good, poorer, and worst design, often simplified to three tones for greater clearness. Each plate is accompanied by an equal amount of text in which the æsthetic inferences are pungently drawn. The assortment of examples is at once broad and carefully chosen, covering all the arts and all periods to our own. These plates afford a telling series of concrete lessons in taste, simple enough for the beginner and instructive to the adept. Whoever looks through this material thoughtfully will not fail to learn much about quality in design. Naturally the commentary, usually just and searching, is occasionally open to challenge. To parallel a distortion by Archipenko in free sculpture with the superficially similar corner of a Gothic capital (plate XXIV) really tells us nothing either about the Russian or the cap. Similarly (on plate IX) were the author not holding a semi-brief for the Modernists, he would probably declare the Cézanne design both stilted and ununified, the Courbet quite obscure, and the Fantin one of the best on the page. But by definition Fantin is of those bad old times which were cramped by the Renaissance. Here the opinion of a reviewer who admittedly has been badly cramped by the Renaissance may not seem weighty. It is a pleasure to acknowledge the profitable experience of scanning these comparative plates, and to recommend them to others.

ART THROUGH THE AGES. By HELEN GARDNER. With many illustrations. Harcourt, Brace. 1926.

A new general history of art naturally suggests comparison with Salamon Reinach's brilliant summary and Elie Faure's expansive rhapsodies. The present book occupies a middle ground both in size and character. It lacks the evolutionary march of the "Apollo" and also the warmth and color of Faure, but it has compensating merits of its own. It is clear, accurate, and admirably illustrated, and, though bulky, surprisingly light in the hand. The author's method is to express each period from a few carefully chosen monuments which are rather carefully analyzed. Thus the chapter on Romanesque architecture goes little beyond Sant Ambrogio at Milan and St. Etienne at Caen; the Gothic chapter is built around Chartres; Botticelli is represented by the Birth of Venus and one of the Dante drawings. The advantage of the plan, as avoiding mere enumerations and retaining a reasonable concreteness, is obvious. It also causes a certain discontinuity, as of a series of short essays. To remedy this, the author has provided each chapter with an historical introduction and a final summary, but on the whole the book gives no sufficient emphasis either to development or to artistic interrelations. This defect may somewhat limit its public. The private student will need a more continuous emphasis of the great movements. On the other hand we have here almost an ideal textbook for such general courses in the history of art as are given in many schools and colleges. It will tend to concretize them, leaving to the teacher his proper duty of coördination. Commendable features are practical bibliographies, and a summary but adequate survey of prehistoric, Negro, and Asiatic art.

DIGGING FOR LOST AFRICAN GODS. By *Count Byron Khun de Prorok*. Putnams. $6.

PREHISTORIC AND ROMAN WALES. By *R. E. M. Wheeler*. Oxford University Press. $6.

Belles Lettres

FORTY IMMORTALS. By BENJAMIN DE CASSERES. New York: Joesph Lawren. 1926. $3.50.

This, like all of De Casseres's, is an amazing book written by an amazing man. The fly-leaf gives the titles of five published works and of twelve "in preparation." On the jacket is "the world's opinion of De Casseres:" from Edgar Saltus—"De Casseres suggests a Titan in an inkstand;" from Remy de Gourmont—"De Casseres is the most fiery and independent writer that I know of;" from Henry Tyrrell—"De Casseres is comparable to Poe and Whitman." We have also, in the volume itself, De Casseres's opinion of De Casseres: "I partake of the blood and brain and apocalyptic vision of Spinoza. Our ancestor-souls were Nietzsche. We were the inviolate one before Chaos. We were root of the tree Yggdrasil and shoot from its highermost branches. We were a single undimensional thought in the eye of Brahma." Does Spinoza, one wonders, look down from his eternal mode and equally acknowledge the ancestral twinship?

The similarity to Poe, at any rate, is undeniable in at least one respect. De Casseres is a mixture of genius and sheer fudge, although the proportions may not be exactly the same as in Poe. He is always essentially a poet, whether he writes in prose or verse,—a passionate, erratic poet, whose brain breeds images and epigrams like maggots, who revels in cataclysmic visions, and with wild fury strives to shake the foundations of the world. The clang of his staccato sentences is like a fire-alarm rung all night long. The tireless De Casseres keeps pounding on while the exhausted reader begs in vain for a moment's respite from the flare of epigram and metaphor—continual challenge, brilliance, cleverness, sometimes over-reaching themselves.

Men are only men; but poets are poets.

We are all created in the image of one God: Tartuffe.

Genius without pose is not genius.

Matter desired wings, and it invented Blake.

The human mind invented God; the human mind is privileged to kill Him whenever it pleases.

Do we wonder that in Jules Laforgue the adulterous relations of Sneer and Sob broke the bed of his brain?

The soul of Jules Laforgue is become a magnificent butterfly imprisoned in the center of an iceberg on the Moon.

De Casseres's philosophy derives from Schopenhauer, Nietzsche, and Jules de Gaultier whom he calls "the greatest of living thinkers," but he outdoes his masters in negation. The forty immortals—Nietzsche, Hardy, Blake, Shelley, Emerson, Poe, and the rest—are all called upon to demonstrate that truth is an illusion, morality is folly, and the self-sufficient individual is his own law. Reason is thrown into the discard. "Every belief is a vampire." Tradition is trampled on. Life is an irrational dream, a lawless adventure, a whooping spectacle. Hurrah for Life! De Casseres is an irrational dream, a lawless adventure, a whooping spectacle. Hurrah for De Casseres!

Drama

THE GLEN IS MINE and THE LIFTING. By JOHN BRANDANE. Houghton Mifflin. 1926. $2.

Dour Scotland is no longer dour. The frigid mask is softening into a smile. Inward the national Eye is turned to explore the national scene. Straightway, the local dramatists bestir themselves to mirror Scot foibles, Scot drollery, Scot peasant ways, hitherto celebrated in the national poetry with broad touches of caricature. Out of mists darkened by censorship and harsh Puritan prohibitions emerges what appears to be a genuine, native drama. Of the three who have achieved national reputation, John Brandane, long successful on the stage of the Scottish National Theatre Society, enters a bid for recognition outside the provincial circle whose centre is Glasgow.

Unquestionably, the author has discovered the Hebrides. There is the unmistakable stamp of locale. Deftly he has caught the accent, the loamy, racy rhythms of the Scot speech akin to the Irish in extravagance. Compared to the soft melodious Irish-English made familiar by Celtic plays, the Scot idiom reads harsher, more guttural, less canorous though capable of wild, natural beauty in ecstatic passages.

Simple though controlled are the plot-inventions of these two long plays. The hand of the maker pulls the strings with friendly purpose. In "The Glen Is Mine," sympathy for the lowly oppressed disturbs dramatic detachment. When greedy lairds of the new industrial order would trample the poor crofter (tenant) and desecrate the soil, when merciless wealth would corrupt peasant simplicity, the author in the guise of champion enters to outwit the knaves and reward humble merit.

In focal concentration of incident, "The Lifting," a wild tale of a rescue by brig, set amid stormy events of 1752, is theatrically effective. Emphasis shifts from character to event, and coincidence plays a large part. Originally written as a one-act piece named "The Change-House," the lengthened version, by an extravagant interplay of poignant and incredible surprises, weakens plausibility. But once under the spell of the Scot rhythm, the mixture of unreality and credibility, drollery and pathos, gloomy intensity and Scot pawkiness seems acceptable.

Fiction

THE ALTAR OF THE LEGION. By FARNHAM BISHOP and ARTHUR GILCHRIST BRODEUR. Little, Brown. 1926. $2.

This is a conventional historical romance with an unconventional theme: a legend, as the authors describe it, of "the pride, the love, the gallantry of Roman Britannia." Familiar characters perform familiar actions. Warriors, in coats of mail, fight with javelins and swords, brave defenders repulsing the invaders of their land. The young, heroic leader of the home forces loves the beautiful young princess. The lovers and the remnant of their people are saved at the end from a cataclysmic disaster to continue the struggle between native and invader, between Briton and Saxon. The hero exaltedly discards his Roman ancestry, and vows to serve as a son the land that gave him birth. "We are Britons," he repeated, "and while a single Saxon lives on British soil, we will not abandon our Mother."

But if the old *clichés* of the historical romance—including tricks of language—are much in evidence, quite unfamiliar and quite worth attention is the central legend. The disaster in the last chapter is nothing less than the storied submergence of Lyonesse, off the coast of Cornwall, by a tidal wave, succeeding an earthquake. Before the Normans came to England this legendary city, the Legionis Asa (Altar of the Legion) of the Roman soldiers and later the home of Tristram, had sunk beneath the waves.

Its columned porticoes and stately halls lie many fathoms deep; but its name lives on. Old fishermen still boast that when the sea is still, they can hear the church bells ring far down beneath the rippling keel.

"The Altar of the Legon," which deliberately leaves aside the Arthurian legends to imagine other adventures and other loves in the same period, seeks primarily to make visible, once more this beautiful city lying hidden, if we may so believe, beneath the peaks of the Scilly Isles.

THE LUCKY PRISONER. By COUNT GOBINEAU. Doubleday, Page. 1926. $2.

"Les Aventures de Jean de la Tour-Miracle, surnommé le Prisonnier Chanceux," by Arthur de Gobineau, was first published in the winter of 1846, as a serial feature of a Paris journal. Gobineau was thirty at the time, and a newcomer from the provinces. This period romance is therefore contemporary with the early work of Dumas the younger, with his father's famous trinity of blusterers, with the best of Balzac, and, indeed, with all the prolific first generation of Gallic romanticism. It has been translated by F. M. Atkinson, and emerges, slightly stiff and antiquated, but nevertheless a sound piece of work, quite readable in this year 1926.

It is not, of course, an important part of Gobineau's untranslated literary remains. He called it a mere "bread-winner," and even among the novels of a man primarily a sociologist and reformer, it does not rank high. "L'Abbaye des Typhaines" and "Ternove" are superior in narrative interest and are more closely connected with the author's real concerns, but "Les Pléiades," a philosophical study which might not prove exciting reading now, is the only major work of Gobineau in the narrative form, a pendant to his great "Essai."

"The Lucky Prisoner" is a product of

(*Continued on next page*)

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The New Books

Fiction

(*Continued from preceding page*)

the author's researches, and is complicated in plot, filled with accessory historical personages, and written in a cramped prose which seems at first delightfully suitable to a sixteenth century subject. Through three hundred pages it becomes a burden and an affection, and only the attractions of Diane de Poitiers and the incredible escapes of the hero are compensation. It may be argued that the book as a whole is scarcely worth translating at this late date, but a comparison of Gobineau's story with any ordinary example of the school—and under the influence of Scott Europe provided a plethora of such examples—which has come down to us with greater fame, will not, I am sure, result unfavorably for this picture of Huguenot and Catholic at war. It has the advantage of being entirely correct in its political references and in its picturesque descriptions of costumes, amusements, and manners. In making Gobineau's name better known, one may doubt its efficacy, particularly as the publishers have chosen to conceal his identity in every possible way, lest the wary reader, given a clue to the age of "The Lucky Prisoner" might not agree with their claim that it is "one of the year's most thrilling books." Probably it is quite as attractive now as it was eighty years ago, for it belongs to a type of romance commanding a faithful and unchanging public.

RED SOIL. By L. E. GIELGUD. Doubleday, Page. 1926. $2.

A powerful discord defeats the purpose of this thoroughly intelligent novel of Russia just after the outbreak of the Revolution. Against a strongly realistic background, it tells a story which, under the circumstances, is no doubt fairly plausible, but unquestionably not real. Though its melodrama is managed skilfully and it moves along at a swift and exciting pace, it reveals furtive proddings on the author's part to achieve the satisfactory outcome he desires. These proddings are faults in themselves, but only the cause for a much more significant fault, a genuinely artistic discord: the book demands a tragic ending it does not get, and the good luck that befalls the principal characters is a wretched contrast to the vivid tragedy of their surroundings.

The novel concerns a Russian village at the time Bolshevism is first gaining the upper hand among peasants and soldiers: a regiment mutinies against its commanding officers, aristocrats, and bourgeois; and the officers, together with a beautiful young countess and her father, have a very narrow escape from suffering brutal extinction. As a study of peasant Russia's state of mind on coming into power, of ignorance and stupidity and incompetence, of the factors which contributed to the general and self-imposed tragedy that befell the Russian masses, "Red Soil" is by no means negligible. As picture-painting, very bold and perhaps a little gloating in its desire for vividness and starkness—as a succession of scenes involving murder, crucifixion, massacre—"Red Soil" will arouse the most torpid reader. But as story goes, this one wherever it treats of the principals involved, is little if at all better than stagey and ill-manipulated melodrama, offering a dénouement opposed to the very facts it reveals, and far too concessive toward a romantic tradition of story-telling to harmonize with its background.

ADAM'S BREED. By RADCLYFFE HALL. Doubleday, Page. 1926. $2.50.

A curious book with a mixed theme, Miss Radclyffe Hall's "Adam's Breed" is the first example of her work to appear on this side of the Atlantic. A certain melodramatic power is at once evident in her rich and violent prose, and a more than ordinary ability to create character. But it may be doubted that the life story of Gian-Luca, an Italian waiter in London, is an entirely successful performance. Much of the restaurant background is well done, and the analyses of his reactions to the war, his marriage, and the scenes of his childhood are often effective and sincere, though lacking in restraint. The actual flaw in the author's program is evident, however, when Gian-Luca takes to religion seriously, abandons his profession for a wandering life in the woods, and dies of starvation. The portrait, hitherto pleasing enough, is obviously insufficiently penetrating to make such an ending credible. The perfect waiter of the author's imagination and her modern St. Francis could not, by any metamorphosis, be the same flesh and blood.

THE GAME OF LOVE AND DEATH. By ROMAIN ROLLAND. Translated by Eleanor Stimson Brooks. Holt. 1926 $1.75.

Mrs. Brooks has here given us a spirited translation of the best and most recent of the dramas in Romain Rolland's still unfinished cycle of the French Revolution. Of its predecessors, "The Wolves," and "Danton" have had a powerful effect in Germany, Russia, Japan, and other nations which are not, like the United States, immune to international fervor. This "Polyptich in twelve panels" when completed will cover the entire course of the Revolution from its inception to the death of Robespierre and the return of peace. M. Rolland's theory of history is in harmony with the recent tendency to substitute the conception of recurrent patterns for the older notion of linear progress.

> The artistic power of the drama of history is less in what it has been than in what it is always. . . . They are the eternally "reborn," these human elements, unceasingly reappearing under the thousand and one veils of Proteus, which for me form the value and the attraction of history. More than the individuals of a day, whose faces have been devoured by the earth of the grave, they are the Forces who have chosen their dwelling in these bodies and, since then, have taken up their abode in others.

"The Game of Love and Death" is played in the latter days of the Revolution coincident with Robespierre's rise to power. The immediate dramatic struggle lies between the old Jérôme de Courvoisier, philosopher and hero of science, the man of reason, whose character, M. Rolland states, is based upon that of the great Condorcet, and the much younger Claude Vallée, proscribed Girondin deputy, the man of passion. Sophie Courvoisier's young wife, is the prize. Around them, threatening always to engulf, surge the waves of the Revolution. It is Vallée who at the beginning seems to have won love and lost life, it is Courvoisier at the end. The values of the characters and what they represent are fully tested in the action of the play. "The Game of Love and Death" is good philosophy and it is good drama.

SHEPHERD EASTON'S DAUGHTER. By MARY J. H. SKRINE. Longman's, Green. 1926. $2.

This is a pastoral religious novel, the heroine of which happens to be a saint. If the author had ever in the course of the book tried to prove that Dorcas Easton was a sweet, wholesome girl at heart like all other girls, the book would quickly have fallen into the category of religious ruck. But this is just what the author does not do. She says instead—Dorcas Easton is a saint; there are few saints; how is it that a saint comes to be and is. And so because Dorcas from the start is not quite like other people, we accept her and come perhaps to understand.

Her background is as important as her life, for without it she could never be. To see with Dorcas one must somehow realize that it was her ancestress with whom Wesley prayed and with whom he left his Bible; that it was her great-grandmother who, baby in arms, stood in the same house and preached like a man. Tenderhearted mystic that she is, having the gifts of healing and of faith, what wonder that she should strongly bend her great gift to service and to the alleviation of suffering? Thus it comes about that Dorcas goes to live in a most evil-seeming place in Factory End. There she nurses the mad and the sinful, holds the sick child that the ritualistic literal young rector christens, casts out devils, preaches to the men. And with it all she grows in suffering, simplicity, and faith. But either because it is in the nature of saints to suffer or because the world is an evil place, Dorcas meets much of the reality of evil. Finally Factory End is closed and the people out of work and homeless turn against their benefactress.

This is the story—or some of it. There is really much more. The important thing is that Dorcas, the stranger, the saint, becomes a human being honest and interesting and alive. This is largely due to the author's care that we shall see Dorcas through many eyes. So, in spite of her goodness, in spite of her almost too perfect and too wise parents, in spite of the general beneficence and well-meaning nature of the countryside and of the Creator, that is taken for granted, in spite, finally, of well chosen adjectives that flood the whole—it is a book which, taken whatever way you will, has been put together with intelligence. It is never altogether convincing (it is too romantic for that), it is not strictly true,—but it is highly readable.

Miscellaneous

THE NEW COMMON SENSE IN THE HOUSEHOLD. By MARION HARLAND. Revised by CHRISTINE TERHUNE HERRICK. Stokes. 1926. $2.

Thousands of women of mature years will avow their debt of gratitude to Mrs. Harland, whose "Common Sense in the Household" guided their cooking in the early period of housekeeping and remained a useful adjunct even when their own increasing knowledge no longer constantly required a reference book. Few cook books are the peers of this one which manages to present variety and excellence in happy conjunction with the demands of economy, and which in addition to its recipes contains much useful information on the equipment of the kitchen and the serving of meals. In its revised form Mrs. Harland's manual retains all the admirable features of the original version and adds to them a table of calories and daily menus with calory values, and instructions in the use of electrical cooking apparatus not yet manufactured at the time of Mrs. Harland's writing. Any woman who invests in this volume is assured of an excellent handbook.

CATALOGUE OF PORTRAITS IN THE POSSESSION OF THE UNIVERSITY, COLLEGES, CITY AND COUNTY OF OXFORD. By MRS. REGINALD LANE POOLE. Vols. II and III. Oxford University Press. 1926.

Having dispatched the portraits belonging to the University, City, and County of Oxford in Volume I, Mrs. Poole completes her great task in two more volumes devoted to the collections in the colleges. The task has been done extraordinarily well. Mrs. Poole has not only been resolute in locating all the portraits, no easy matter, for many are in the private lodgings of college officials, but has also followed biographical leads towards unknown or neglected painters. She has even listed many interesting seventeenth century portraits in glass which had been entirely overlooked. Whether for a layman or a minute historian of art the ten score excellent cuts afford agreeable browsing. Here are extraordinary early portraits of Swinburne and Lord Rosebery looking every inch of the part of genius. Here peaceably together are John Locke and Cardinal Newman. In short the book is a graphic epitome of Oxford's greatness, as for its scruplous care in compilation and exhaustive indexing it is a model among catalogues. In clearness of a somewhat elaborate typography it is worthy of the best traditions of the Clarendon Press.

THE INDUSTRIAL MUSEUM. By CHARLES R. RICHARDS. Illustrated. Macmillan. 1920.

Supported by a grant from the General Education Board, Mr. Richards, presents an instructive survey of the chief industrial museums of Europe, notably those at Paris, London, Berlin, Munich, Vienna, and Budapest. These are very recent and vigorous institutions. The Musée des Arts et des Métiers, to be sure, was founded by the Revolutionary Republic and occupies an old convent. The rest are relatively of yesterday and mostly occupy post-war buildings. The reader may well ask why he should go to a museum to learn how his clothes, shoes, stationery, and motor car are made. The answer is that his education should include a knowledge of the fundamental industries of his times, while under modern conditions he cannot acquire that knowledge except at a museum. Up to the factory era and subdivision of labor, an observant walk of a couple of miles would have reasonably informed anyone as to the methods of the basic industries. They were conducted in the fields or with open doors on the streets. Now it would require a tour of scores of miles over months under expert guidance to gain an equivalent information. The practical substitute for such a tour is a few visits to a well organized industrial museum. Good management, as Mr. Richards has observed it, consists in a very careful selection and arrangement of exhibits, in especial devices, as electric motors to actuate models at will, and even more in an intelligent and aggressive policy of direct instruction. They do these things notably well in Germany and Austria where the school children are required to visit such museums under guidance, and often are given prizes for good written reports of their observations. While the book with its account of methods of exhibition and tables of staff organization is primarily for the specialist, it is written in a clear and interesting way which will attract the predisposed layman.

THE ADVENTUROUS BOWMEN. By SAXTON POPE. Putnam. 1926.

For most readers the conventional African big-game story has become a trifle tame. The lions charge in the same old way and are met by the same old blast of artillery. Lesser beasts of the veldt are slaughtered in untold quantity. A few gunbearers get chewed up by some impolite carnifora. And then all the mighty hunters come back to America to present their trophies to the local museum of natural history.

To this conventional scheme Mr. Pope has added a variation which makes the whole almost new and rather interesting. He and his fellow Californians have revived the old English long-bow, and after vanquishing all possible game in the New World decide to go to Africa and try their weapons on worthier targets.

They are moderately successful. They get a certain number of lions, and seem to have little difficulty in killing most other game. The reader will enjoy all this, but when he finishes, he'll probably wish there hadn't been so much heavy artillery around the camp. Of course we didn't expect Mr. Pope or anyone else to face a lion armed only with a bow and arrow. We merely hoped he was going to.

Travel

BLACK HAITI. By BLAIR NILES. Putnams. 1925. $3.50.

The reader of this latest Niles book will finish it comforted by Plato's reminder that: "The sane man is nowhere at all, when he enters into rivalry with madmen." For within three hundred and eighteen pages the author relates astonishing things. And the worst of it is, they are true.

Mere assassination is nothing in this strange, alluring book. One almost expects an accompaniment of music. We see black Christophe, proud of his title of Henry I, chained to his throne by paralysis, and in despair ending it all by a silver bullet. And a King, eager to display the marvelous discipline of his army, orders some of his men to march off the edge of the roof! Black butterflies float in the perfumed sunlight. Head hunters dance. Drums, flutes, and calabash chorus weirdly in our ears, while ruins "of indefinable majesty, as though they had once been the expression of some human dream" rise before our eyes.

Napoleon's sister, lovely Pauline, stands in a silk-hung room, murmuring: ". . . our last moments. Let us pass them in joy." Meanwhile her "small, delicate" husband writes "desperately, feverishly" that "terror alone remains, terror I employ—." We see a dead King being lowered, uncoffined, in a great vat of quick lime which happened to have been prepared by workmen for quite another purpose. But there is no time for anything better befitting a King! And the vignettist shows us the King's executioner, "a big, bare-foot, bearded negro with a brutal face," and the book-seller "he is cold, this tall thin old man with the sensitive, aristocratic, finely chiselled Caucasian features, the brown skin and the long grey beard; a Tagore of a man, or a prophet walked just that minute out of the Old Testament." While for good measure, there is the poet who loved Haiti, humanity, and especially loved . . . *la volupté*. This fellow contemplates the graceful and undulating forms of the half-clad women; . . . the hips which bend and curve and arch; . . . the . . . calves of the women's legs" as they glisten, wet and shining, in the sun. For he is a lover of the poetry of the flesh.

It seems hardly likely that there will be readers who prefer a more solid book on Haiti, for already we have almost enough of such books as catalogue incidents, and furnish harsh history. There are altogether too few who are aware that as Anatole France said: "History is an Art and should be written with imagination."

Brief Mention

THE tide of travel still flows heavily toward Europe, and books for the journeyer continue to appear in numbers. Among the most recent of them is a new edition of Frances M. Gostling's "The Lure of English Cathedrals" (McBride: $2.50 net), a companionable *vade mecum*, the purpose of which is to assemble history and legend rather than to furnish scholarly architectural comment. Miss Gostling begins in the South with Canterbury and works up to Lichfield, embroidering her

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THE ZOROASTRIAN DOCTRINE OF A FUTURE LIFE

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Parsi Priest of Bombay

In the light of the dawn, on the fourth day, the soul arrives at the Bridge of Judgment. To the righteous the bridge presents its broad side, affording an easy passage to Heaven. But to the godless man the bridge turns on its side, presenting an edge as thin and sharp as a sword, so that the soul, when half-way across, falls into the abyss of hell.

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more strictly descriptive narrative with considerable relative anecdote. Since every pilgrim to the cathedral towns of England is sure to place London at one point or another of his itinerary, he will find interest not only in Miss Gostling's book but as well in H. V. Morton's "The Spell of London" (Brentanos: $1.50), a series of brief word sketches of London scenes. Mr. Morton's vignettes are rich in sentiment and shot through with anecdote, reflecting a lover of the great city who is vividly aware of its minor as well as its major aspects. A book of more solid literary merits than either of the foregoing is Louis Golding's "Sicilian Noon" (Knopf: $2.50). Mr. Golding has two qualities admirable in the traveler and almost indispensable for entertaining travel writing, a susceptibility for the beautiful both in nature and art and a lively sense of the humors of journeying. His book is written with vivacity, vividness, and a certain revealing poetic touch, and its combination of personal incident with objective description produces a most engaging chronicle. We heartily commend it both to the prospective visitor to Sicily, who should imbibe from it something of the dramatic contrasts and picturesque aspects of that beautiful island, and to the traveler who already carries in his memory pictures of the country to which Mr. Golding's piquant narrative will lend fresh colors.

For the vacationist who plans to spend his holiday in America instead of Europe, and chooses the Rockies for his camping-ground, Courtney Ryley Cooper has furnished in "High Country" (Little, Brown: $2.50 net), what might be regarded as a background book. It is a miscellany of anecdotes, description, history, advice about the mountains, and personal experiences, and it is a good book of its kind. This same traveler to the West might find of particular interest in conjunction with his journeying a book of Western Ballads, by Harold Hersey, which has appeared under the vigorous title, "Swinging Rawhide." (Doran: $1.50 net.) The ballads are made out of highly familiar frontier stuff, put into a vernacular, and are given some distinction by Jerry Delano's pictures.

We have before us, in addition to the travel books noticed above, a pile of miscellaneous volumes. Among them is a volume by E. A. Cross, Dean of the State Teachers College of Colorado, entitled "Fundamentals in English" (Macmillan), a remarkably sensible and competent book. Especially strong on the points of rhetoric and grammar which are mistaught in our schools through false standards of correctness, it is an excellent work for the training of teachers. Next is "The Music of the Spheres," by Florence Armstrong Grondal (Macmillan: $5), an elaborately illustrated volume in which all the mythology and legend of the stars is arranged in order of the constellations. To this poetry of the heavens is added sufficient astronomy to make it a good book for children, for the literary, and for reference. Then comes "Law for the Home Owner," by J. B. Green (Macmillan: $2.50), a non-technical work, so arranged as to be readily consulted by the layman, and containing abundant references for the lawyer. The home-owner not trained in the law will find several surprises in it. It should prove a useful volume. Finally there is C. J. P. Cave's "Clouds and Weather Phenomena" (Cambridge University Press-Macmillan), an interesting and authoritative account in small compass.

The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review*

A BALANCED RATION

WINNOWED WISDOM. By *Stephen Leacock* (Dodd, Mead).

JEFFERSON. By *Albert Jay Nock* (Harcourt, Brace).

WHAT IS TO BE. By *J. C. Snaith* (Appleton).

R. T. B., Boston, Mass., asks for novels in which "really old people" are the centre of interest or at least in which they take a prominent part.

THIS looks as if the inquirer had been reading Susan Ertz's "Madame Claire" (Appleton) and had been led thereby to realize how great are the possibilities for activity and even for romance at an age that must be called advanced. Ladies like this—there are more in actual life than have been permitted to get into fiction—waste no time in "growing old gracefully" or in waging a futile fight to "stay young;" they just go ahead and live, tucking away birthdays one by one like preserve jars on the shelf and never once thinking about mounting themselves to that retired position. Miss Ertz has just returned, if not to this field, to the middle-aged edge of it, with a wholesome, humorous novel called "Afternoon" (Appleton), revolving about a man of forty-five who has been badly bruised by marriage and has determined never to let himself in for another such bump. When he does marry, rather to his surprise, a lady as charming as himself, a situation develops that only misses real trouble because both parties are old enough to have sense. It ends "'If youth knew, if age could,' he quoted. 'Well, middle-age knows and does, thank God.'" We could do with more novels as richly human as this. Eden Phillpotts dares the prejudices of readers with a hero seventy-six when the book begins and eighty-three on page 264, with "Time still toiling after him in vain;" "George Westover" (Macmillan) the story of a Victorian squire. Say what you like against those Victorians, they certainly were durable, they and their age. Look at the way their furniture lasts: many of us are at this day living in houses we can't afford rather than cast adrift a massive and self-respecting sideboard of this period. Look at Thomas Hardy and Bernard Shaw and Ellen Terry; recall Disraeli's love-letters at seventy-odd. And their ideas—how they hang on!

Louise Closser Hale's "Home Talent" (Holt), an excellent story of the stage and its life, introduces a piquant old lady who takes a firm hand in the plot and whose speeches brighten everything. Mrs. Hale must know from experience and with warm affection the type that as an actress she portrayed in "Miss Lulu Bett," but this old lady of hers has not had to develop the defensive armor with which Grandma Bett protected her weakness. "Dangerous Ages," by Rose Macaulay (Boni & Liveright) has four heroines in as many generations; the dramatic centre is the one of forty and the centre of disturbance the one of sixty, while the meaning of the whole thing is held only by the one of eighty. As for "The Matriarch," by G. B. Stern (Knopf), here's the prize dynamo among dynamic old ladies. When Miss Stern praised "Buddenbrooks" to me and I said that everyone lingeringly died in it and that her matriarch kept bouncing until nearly ninety, she replied "Whisper—she isn't dead yet. She's my grandmother and we expect her to bury us all."

"Old Man Minick," by Edna Ferber (Doubleday, Page), both as novel and play, shows a situation likely to arise in any state of society: for the rich man the club was invented, for the poor there remains the Home, to which Minick retreats with colors flying, safe from bossy female relatives, sure he's in no one's way. The combined ages of the principals in "Old People and Things That Pass," by Louis Couperus (Dodd, Mead), are the largest of any work of fiction. Lest this keep anyone away from a book whose heroine and hero each just graze the century-mark and whose circle is not much younger, let me assure you that this is one of the most bloodcurdling thrillers that ever came out of Holland. For contrast there are the comfortable tales of Zona Gale in "The Loves of Pelleas and Etarre" (Macmillan), Mary C. Wemyss's "Grannie" (Macmillan), Laura Richards' "Mrs. Tree" (Page), who is a very spry ninety, and F. Hopkinson Smith's lovable story of "Peter" (Scribner).

M. H. G., Columbus, O., asks if anything has been published recently on the subject of palmistry.

"HAND-READING TO-DAY," by Ethel Watts Mumford (Stokes), is a this-year's book. The amateur will find it an excellent guide to the conduct of a booth in a bazaar, and will probably take a strong interest in hands for some time after the event. The author tells of her unexpected social success, the littlest girl in school, when Desbarolles's book launched her as official and surreptitious palmist to the establishment: I chuckle as I recall the thrill I had when after most of my school had lined up for light on the future the faculty began to make lunch-hour appointments. I haven't read a hand since, and all I knew of it then came from one dash through Cheiro, but as Mrs. Mumford frankly admits, hunches count for a good deal.

I can't myself see why that wonderful engine the hand doesn't do enough for us anyway without requiring it to hold our certificates of character. But if you believe that it does, this is a straightforward and lucid book for you.

H. L. E., Superior, Wis.; E. O., Elizabeth, N. J.; T. C. L., Forth Worth, Texas; J. W. D, Denver, Col., to name but a few of those who have lately asked me this question, inquire as to the probable value of old books.

I KNOW of but one way, short of getting the valuation of an expert by taking the book to him, and that is to look up the publication in "American Book Prices Current," that for thirty years has appeared annually (Dutton), giving a record of the previous year's auction sales. The forthcoming volume, covering the 1925 period of sales, should be ready about the present month. An "Index to American Book Prices Current," 1916-1922, has lately been compiled, and is published by the same firm. This shows whether the book in which you are interested has been sold in recent years, and gives the volume and page where a complete description may be found. This and the back numbers of the publication are on file in all large public libraries, and are of course part of the equipment of all those who take book-collecting professionally.

C. V. H., Washington, D. C., asks for recent books on civil aviation.

THE latest report of what has been accomplished here and abroad, with the present problems to be solved and a survey of possibilities, is to be found in "Civil Aviation," the report by the joint committee on civil aviation of the United States Department of Commerce and the American Engineering Council. This is the most important book on the subject to appear so far in this country. For the prospective investor, engineer, or pilot it is most valuable.

O. G. L., Ludington, Mich., needs a book of riddles, puzzles, and other rainy day mental exercises, for a family of children at the riddle age.

DORAN publishes a collection, "The World's Best Conundrums and Riddles of All Ages," compiled by J. G. Lawson, which drove to despair all the adult members of a family to whose children I gave a copy. The children thought it was great. "Guess!", by L. J. Bridgeman (Dodge), and a companion book, "Guess Again," is made of riddles for children with the answers given in pictures. Crowell has just published a book called "Can You Solve It?" by Arthur Hirschberg, containing mazes, anagrams, acrostics, rebuses, and other word-tricks of recent construction, including several with the disquieting names, beheadings and burials. There are also problems in numbers and in science. "What Shall We Do Now?", by Dorothy Canfield and others (Stokes), has every sort of amusement and occupation for all sorts of weather; handicraft, games, parties, and all. Margaret Warde's "The Holiday Book" (Little, Brown) goes around the year with suggestions for homemade parties, games, and celebrations.

AMERICAN BOOKSELLERS' ASSOCIATION MEMBER

Boston has beans, brown bread and bookshops — other things, too, including a Watch and Ward Society; but then we all have our cross to bear. My description of food has always been inadequate and I fear that justice cannot be done the beans and brown bread; nor do I care to go too deeply into detail about that organization which guards the innocent inhabitants from the insidiousness of modern life. And as for the "browsing places," well, just the listing of the members of the American Booksellers' Association in that city would fill this column. There are very few places in Boston where one is far from a good bookshop.

* * *

It ought to be a lot of fun to recommend books for the kiddies, help them build up their libraries and supervise their reading, and Miss Bertha Mahoney and her staff are to be envied. Miss Mahoney is the director of the Bookshop for Boys and Girls in Boston. While they do sell some books for adults their principal stock consists of juveniles. Children, particularly those in their early teens, often go bookshopping without their parents. There are times when they find that their carefully hoarded pennies are insufficient to purchase one of the cherished volumes, and to meet this possibility the Bookshop for Boys and Girls is endeavoring to buy used children's books, books in fairly good condition which for one reason or another are ready to be discarded by their present owners. Some day I presume we'll be able to see our children dipping into bins of used books just as we grown-ups are now doing. Not a bad habit for them to cultivate.

One of those things that are "interesting reading" is the Horn Book published four times a year by this shop. It was through this publication that I learned of the contemplated used book department, and through it one is able to keep in touch with children's reading.

* * *

Too bad that these columns aren't elastic because while we're in Boston we ought to visit the Old Corner Book Store, one of the best-known and certainly one of the most complete bookstores in the country; Charles E. Lauriat, another famous bookseller where, by the way, one may find a fine stock of finely bound books, both domestic and imported; and the bookshop of Little, Brown and Company presided over by that gracious gentleman, Mr. Hulings C. Brown, et al, as the lawyers say. The "al" are Butterfield's, the Atlantic Monthly Bookshop, Goodspeed's, a most interesting place, Albert Hall's, Smith and McCance and the Vendome News.

* * *

Quite a number of places to go in Boston if one is looking for what Mr. Morley calls "a little innocent carouse and refreshment." Nor is that one city be alone if people would only use that which has been given them and look around a bit.

ELLIS W. MEYERS,
Executive Secretary,
American Booksellers' Association.

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* * * *

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* * * *

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* * * *

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* * * *

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* * * *

"A generation ago there were a thousand men to every opportunity, while today there are a thousand opportunities for every man."

TODAY AND TOMORROW

By HENRY FORD

in collaboration with

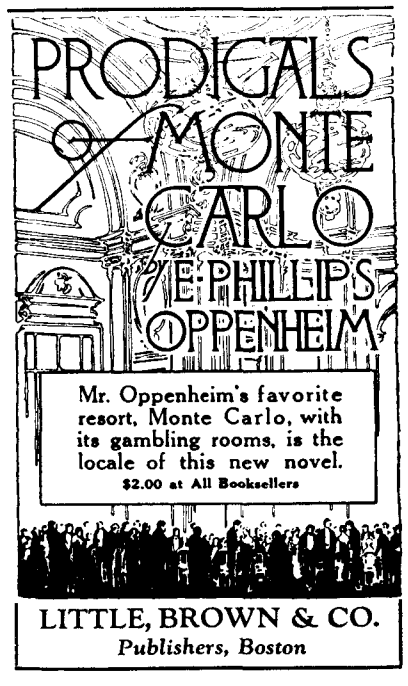
SAMUEL CROWTHER

Doubleday, Page & Co. $3.50

The Phoenix Nest

EDITORS prefer ladies. * * * Joris, the gentleman carrier-pigeon to whom the Phœnician entrusted his copy last week, fastening his *Nest*, as you will remember, to his pennate fringe, and loosing him from the Eiffel Tower, has failed to put in an appearance. Mary, the high-flier, always got here, but Joris has left us in the lurch. What with that, and the clamoring of the printers for copy, and the dismal downpour out of doors, the world is all dark and dreary. * * * But we've got to live up to our bird, we suppose (not Joris, but the Phœnix), and rise triumphant from the ashes of our misfortune. So here goes for the weekly dozen or more of delectable, odd, and surprising facts about books and authors. * * * Yet, wait. Before we leave our lamentations behind us, we must stop to bemoan the fact that we are not in the boots of our beloved fellow-scrivener and neighbor, the Conductor of the Bowling Green. He's been traipesing through Ireland with that genial soul, *Tom Daly*, and we wager that never have two merrier men made laughter out of their experiences. *Chris* writes us that the innocent handmaidens that wait on table in his Dublin hostelry are hard put to it to hide their mirth at Mr. Daly's corruscating sallies. And he says that he and his comrade having successfully evaded the intelligentsia, are imbibing knowledge along with other things in converse with bums and loafers in the pubs of the countryside. By way of postscript to the rest of his observations he adds regretfully the fact that *Swift* and his *Stella* lie at least twenty feet apart from each other in the Dublin cathedral. * * * Echoes of the English strike still reach us. The London *Mercury* complains that strike was very inconsiderate in beginning when its May number was on the verge of distribution, thereby preventing its circulation, and in ending a week too late to allow of the preparing of a properly balanced June issue. * * * One of the articles this "unbalanced" number contains is a paper on "*Sir Hall Caine* and the Greatest Public," by *P. Morton Shand*. Sir Hall's books, it seems, have been translated into every language from modern Greek to Japanese, and have sold by the millions. But, says Mr. Shand, the "sad fact emerges that where Sir Hall Caine writes best he sells least." * * * We are in receipt of a handsomely printed card from Mr. *Henry Winston* informing us that now is the best time to dispose of our diamonds, pearls, and other jewels. But we haven't any diamonds, pearls, and other jewels. If we had, we'd sell them to buy some of the impressive books that the publishers are always tempting us with. We'd buy, for one thing, *Mr. Rostovtzeff's* stout and fascinating volume on the Early Roman Empire which the Oxford University Press has just put out. It's a volume whose interest is not the least impaired by its scholarly nature. * * * Incidentally we have to thank the Oxford Press for sending us what is quite the most excellent book of the sort we've ever browsed in, "A Dictionary of Modern English Usage," edited by *H. W. Fowler*. If you want to know how to split your infinitives with an easy conscience, or how to exclaim properly, or how not to be pedantic in your humor, just consult its pages. * * * And if you want to see how delightfully a dictionary can unbend, read the article wherein Mrs. Malaprop is canonized. Disavowing all concern with "achievements so heroic as her own," it groups together examples of the misuse of English under the head "Malaprops," with the statement that Mrs. Malaprop "is now the matron saint of all those who go wordfowling with a blunderbuss." Even Becky Sharp wouldn't have thrown away this dictionary. * * * The Bread Loaf School of English is to open its seventh session on June 29. It is conducted in the Green Mountains, by Middlebury College, and such literary celebrities as *Robert Frost*, *Dorothy Canfield Fisher*, *Willa Cather*, *Irving Bacheller*, *Carl Sandburg*, and *Louis Untermeyer* have visited it in the past. You can temper its learning with tennis, if you wish. * * * Tennis reminds us that Macmillan has just brought out "The Duffer's Handbook of Golf," by *Grantland Rice*, with illustrations by *Clare Briggs*. If you want a laugh, look it over. * * * We learn from the press notices that England is rocking with laughter over "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes," Boni & Liveright's best seller. * * * And we hear that *Hulbert Footner*, whose "Shanty Sled" Doran is about to bring out, is runner-up to *James Oliver Curwood* in the bookshops of Ireland. * * * How one thing reminds us of another! James Oliver Curwood himself, having wearied of conquering his millions with the sort of adventure tale that has made him a best seller, is now setting out to become the *Cooper* of his generation. His new novel, "The Black Hunter," is due on July 17. The Cosmopolitan Book Company is publishing it, and they tell us that it is a really serious work. * * * On July 17, too, is to come the new *E. Barrington* novel, "The Exquisite Perdita." We gather from talking to one of her publishers that E. Barrington has as many incarnations as the late *Isabel Ostrander*. *L. Adams Beck* seems to be the one most precious to herself, and certainly in that personality she has written with distinction. * * * Travelers to Italy can now have information during their journeying on books and articles relative to Italian affairs published in Great Britain and America. The information is compiled every month by the Italian Literary Guide Service, which is located in the Brookside Studio, Darien, Conn. The little leaflet is published by the Italy America Society with headquarters at 25 West 43d Street, and costs twenty cents per copy or two dollars per year. The June number lists a page of books, one of articles appearing in the current magazines, and a third of articles which were printed in the daily press. * * * Do you want to help somebody win a historical essay prize? If you do, help to found it by sending a contribution to *Charles E. Hughes*, 100 Broadway, Chairman of the New York Endowment Committee of the American Historical Association. The fact that Mr. Hughes is in Europe, whither he went leaving the Republican party of the state in the lurch, as the papers pathetically put it, won't interfere with the funds getting to the proper destination. The Association is building the prize about a bequest of $2,000 left by *Mathilde M. Dunning* to establish an award in honor of her brother, the late *Professor William A. Dunning* of Columbia University, a former President of the American Historical Association who devoted his life to historical research. * * * C. L. Edson has written a Poe parody which originally appeared in *The Saturday Review*, our noble co-publication, and *Robert Frothingham* will include it in a forthcoming anthology of adventure verse to be published by Houghton Mifflin this Fall, which is likely to knock your eye out. The rain is still descending in torrents, and consequently the world is still dark and dreary. Even the curtains of *Vogue* seen against the window panes of the building towering beyond the Harvard Club across the way are blue. * * * Our own cubby-hole boasts no curtains, but wears a prim and sober air as though meant for business only. Still, there have been days when jovial souls like *David Bone* and *Felix Riesenberg* and other hearties of the sea who are no picayune novelists either have foregathered there when—But that's another story. Today all is gloom. * * * We wonder how rainy days seem in the offices of the *New Yorker* which is domiciled above our heads, and which rumor saith has luxurious divans on which the weary editors recline the while fair maidens brew tea for them behind Chinese screens. * * * And above all else we wonder where that wandering Phœnix with the copy tucked under his wing may be. We hope he may arrive before next week both for our own sake and so that you may not be forced once more to read the musings of a substitute

PHOENICIAN.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The World of Rare Books

By Frederick M. Hopkins

MODERN FIRST EDITIONS

FOR three or four years there has been a very active demand for the first editions of modern English and American authors, including many authors now living. For two years, or more, *The Bookman's Journal* of London has published a monthly analysis compiled from the desiderata of second-hand booksellers, which has given a good idea of the authors whose works were most in demand by collectors. More recently *The Publishers' Weekly* has published a similar analysis from the "want advertisements" in its own columns. During all these recent years the demand for first editions of modern authors has been well sustained and there is no indication now of any abatement of this interest.

The analysis for the four weeks ending April 23, printed in the current May-June number of *The Bookman's Journal* includes reports on forty-eight English authors, probably one-half, or nearly one-half, of whom are still living. The first fifteen names on the list are as follows: Joseph Conrad, Anthony Trollope, Rudyard Kipling, Thomas Hardy, Charles Dickens, Sir James M. Barrie, G. Bernard Shaw, John Galsworthy, W. H. Hudson, G. K. Chesterton, Arnold Bennett, Robert Louis Stevenson, William M. Thackeray, Norman Douglas, and Maurice Hewlett.

A similar analysis of want advertisements in *The Publishers' Weekly* for the month of May includes a long list of authors. The fifteen in most demand are as follows: James B. Cabell, Edgar Allan Poe, James Fenimore Cooper, Bret Harte, Herman Melville, Lafcadio Hearn, Rudyard Kipling, Norman Douglas, Theodore Dreiser, James Joyce, Oscar Wilde, Sherwood Anderson, Mark Twain, Joseph Conrad, and John Galsworthy.

American collectors and dealers are constant advertisers in the English trade papers for the first editions of English authors. The English analysis represents the demand of both English and American collectors and dealers, while few, if any English collectors or dealers advertise in America. To get a fair idea of the English and American demand for first editions of modern authors, these conditions have to be taken into account.

LIBRARY CHARACTERISTICS

IN a paragraph of superlatives in *The Century Magazine*, Hugh Walpole has this to say about some of the libraries that he has visited:

"I have seen so many libraries that perhaps I am a little confused about them, but the noblest library that I have ever seen is the grand one in Boston; and the friendliest, the Carnegie Library in New York; and the most interesting, Thomas Wise's library in Hampstead; and the most touching, a certain farmer's library here in Cumberland; and the stupidest and most dead, a millionaire's library in—well, never mind where; and the bravest library, the Braille library in London; and the most accommodating library, the London library itself; and the smallest, the library of the Queen's Doll House; and the most depressing library, any circulating library of fiction anywhere; and the dullest library, the library of a clerical acquaintance of mine in Rutlandshire; and the most delightful, best arranged, happiest looking, heart warming library, my own in—again never mind where. The worst libraries, of course, are those accursed things in glazed sets behind glass. It is as hard for love of books to enter into such a library as it is for the familiar camel to pass through the well known eye of a needle."

Perhaps Mr. Walpole's paragraph needs a footnote. The Carnegie library of New York is undoubtedly the New York Public Library, and probably the London library is the British Museum.

EARLY AMERICAN PAMPHLET

AT a recent sale at Sotheby's in London one of the rarest of American pamphlets, John Brereton's "Brief and True Relation of the Discoverie of the North Part of Virginia," 24 pp., 4to, London, 1602, one of nine copies known of an account of the first English attempt to settle in the land since called New England, was sold, bringing £2,200. Another copy was sold in New York on February 6, 1920, for $4,500. This relation is a description of the voyage by Captain Bartholomew Gosnold and others and was written by John Brereton, "one of the voyage." The voyagers made the headland which they named Cape Cod, and Gosnold, Brereton, and two others went ashore on "the white sands," the first spot in New England trodden by English feet. To this pamphlet was annexed a treatise of M. Edward Hayes, containing important inducements for the planting in those parts, and finding a passage that way to the South Sea and China. An edition without the extra matter, a quarto of twelve leaves, was published in the same year, and of this only four copies so far have been recorded.

NOTES AND COMMENT

FORTY THOUSAND FRANCS were recently paid at auction in Paris for the last communique of Marshal Petain, on which he had written after his signature: "Closed, because of victory."

❧ ❧

The New York Public Library has issued a catalogue—an octavo of thirty-two pages—of the manuscripts and other material by or about Washington Irving given to the library by Mrs. Isaac N. Seligman and George S. Hellman.

❧ ❧

A Tolstoy society has been recently organized in England to help prepare for the centenary of his birth, which comes in 1928. One of its chief aims is to promote a complete centenary edition of Tolstoy's works under the editorship of Aylmer Maude.

❧ ❧

Edwin Valentine Mitchell, bookseller and publisher of Hartford, Conn., will print for the first time a rare manuscript by Benjamin Trumbull entitled "A Compendium of the Indian Wars in New England, More Particulary Such as the Colony of Connecticut Have Been Concerned and Active In," in a limited edition of 400 copies.

Messrs. John Lane of London are adding to their library edition of Anatole France in English a volume containing "Under the Stars, and Other Unpublished Papers," consisting in most part of essays written or sketched out by the great French author during the closing years of his life.

❧ ❧

A critical text of Chaucer's "Triolus and Criseyde," edited from all the known manuscripts by Professor R. Kilburn Root, with a detailed commentary, is about to be published by Humphrey Milford of London for Princeton University Press. The editor's aim has been to restore the work as far as possible to the original authentic text.

❧ ❧

E. Joseph, a London bookseller, in a recent catalogue describes a bibliographical discovery that will be of interest to Johnson collectors. This is a folio of four pages, dated November 1, 1742, and is entitled "Proposals for Printing, by Subscription, the Two First Volumes of Bibliotheca Harleiana; or, a Catalogue of the Library of the late Earl of Oxford. Purchased by Thomas Osborne, Bookseller, in Gray's Inn," etc. These proposals for a work to be written by Dr. Samuel Johnson originally appeared in Vol. 12 of *The Gentleman's Magazine* for the year 1742 (pp. 636-9). Until the discovery of the present copy its existence as a separate publication was unknown.

❧ ❧

Among the sights worth seeing by booklovers who go to the sesqui-centennial at Philadelphia this year is the hall of the American Philosophical Society, completed in 1790, and continuously occupied for the last 136 years by that organization, which is the oldest society of *savants* in America and the first scientific society formed on this side of the Atlantic. Its many treasures include Penn's Charter of Privileges, dated 1701; the notes of Lewis and Clark's expedition to the West, and other autographic material of similar interest. It has the richest library in the country on the transactions of foreign societies and academies, and the most valuable and complete collection of Frankliniana extant, said to number some 14,000 books, papers and documents belong
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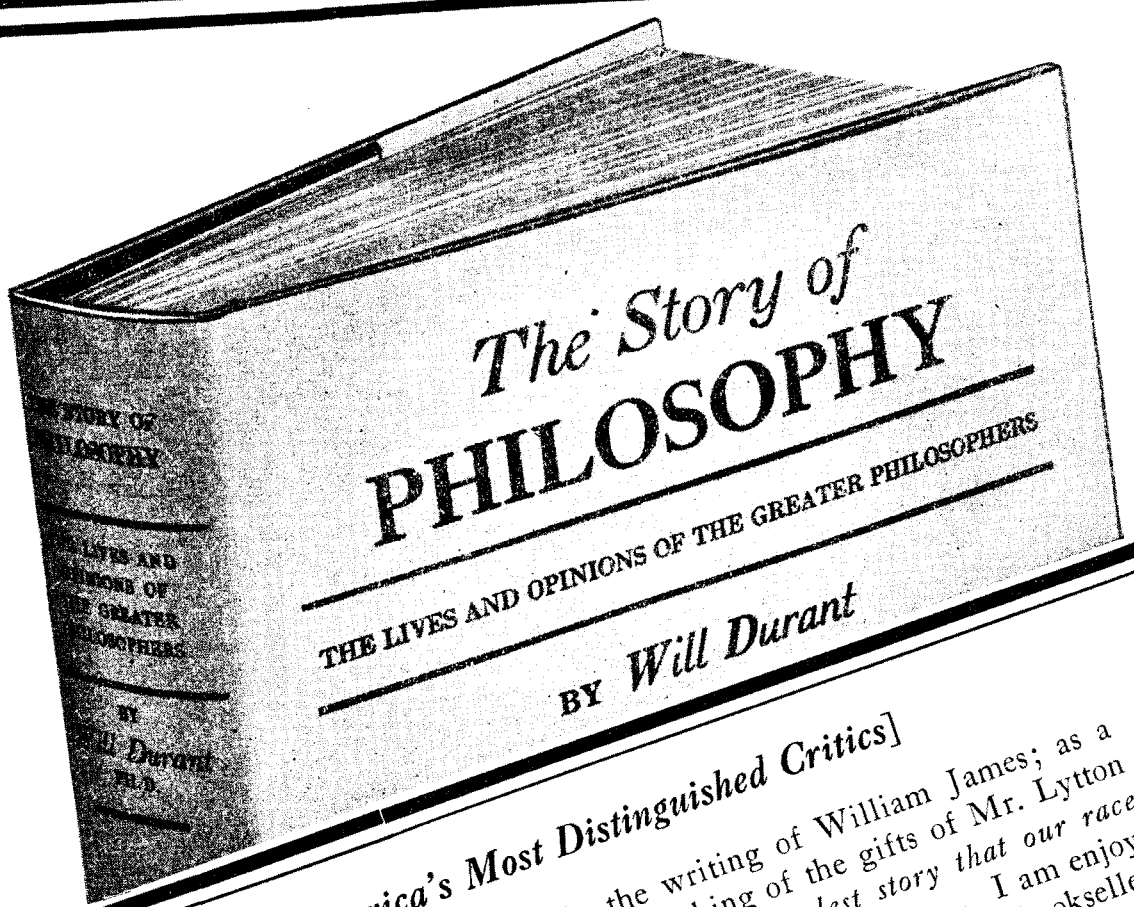

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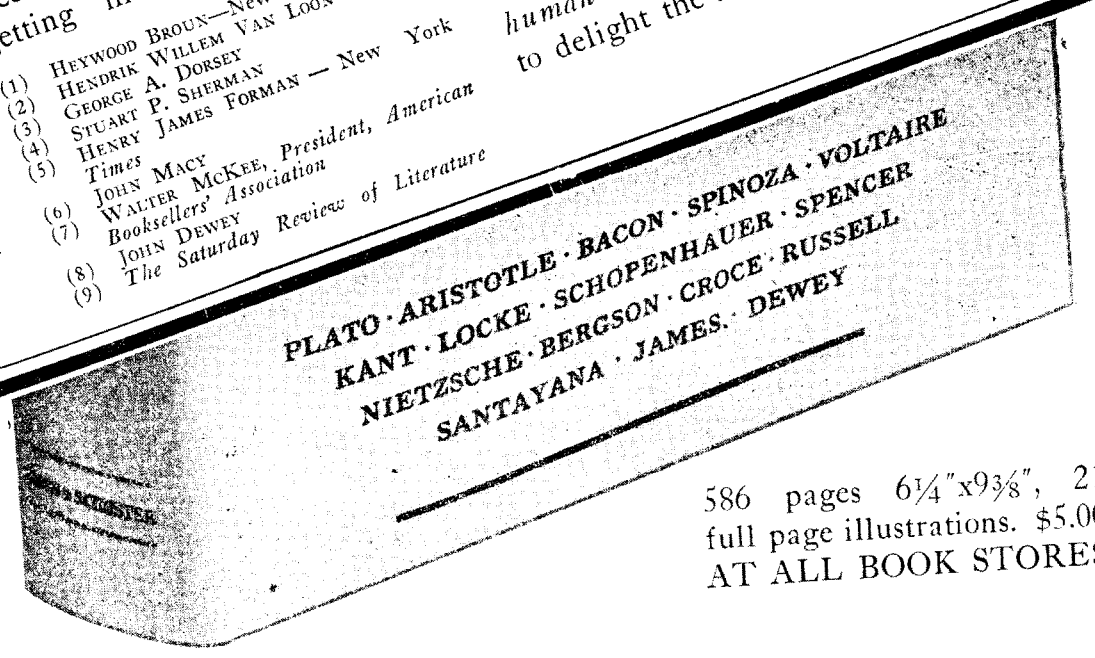
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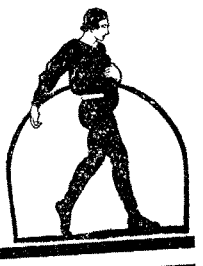

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